The California Catholic

FOR FAITH AND FATHERLAND

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WORKINGMEN'S RIGHTS

Voice of the Holy Father on Labor and Capital.

Evil Effects of Socialist Tendencies.

The Great Mistakes Made of Supposing That Class Is Hostile to Class—All Should Live in Harmony.

In such times as these, when the relations between capital and labor are strained, when on every side are heard the murmurings of discontent, nothing can be more opportune than to recall the words of his Holiness Leo XIII as given to the world in his famous encyclical on labor. The following pertinent extracts are well worth preserving:

* * * * *

It is not surprising that the spirit of revolutionary change which has so long been predominant in the nations of the world should have passed beyond politics and made its influence felt in the cognate field of practical economy. The elements of a conflict are unmistakable; the growth of industry and the surprising discoveries of science; th changed relations of masters and workmen; the enormous fortunes of individuals and the poverty of the masses; the increased self-reliance and the closer mutual combination of the working population; and, finally, a general moral deterioration. The momentous seriousness of the present state of things just now fills every mind with painful apprehension; wise men discuss it; practical men propose schemes; popular meetings, legislatures and sovereign princes all are occupied with it—and there is nothing which has a deeper hold on public attention.

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To remedy these evils the *Socialists*, working on the poor man's envy of the rich, endeavor to destroy private property and maintain that individual possessions should become the common property of all, to be administered by the State or by municipal bodies. They hold that by thus transferring property from private persons to the community the present evil state of things will be set to rights, because each citizen will then have his equal share of whatever there is to enjoy. But their proposals are so clearly futile for all practical purposes that if they were carried out the working man himself would be among the first to suffer. Moreover they are emphatically unjust, because they would rob the lawful possessor, bring the State into a sphere that is not its own and cause complete confusion in the community.

* * * * *

The great mistake that is made in the matter now under consideration is to possess oneself of the idea that class is naturally hostile to class; that rich and poor are intended by nature to live at war with one another. So irrational and so false is this view that the exact contrary is the truth. Just as the symmetry of the human body is the result of the disposition of the members of the body so in a State it is ordained by nature that these two classes should exist in harmony and agreement, and should, as it were, fit into one another so as to maintain the equilibrium of the body politic. Each requires the other; capital cannot do without labor, nor labor without capital. Mutual agreement results in pleasantness and good order; perpetual conflict necessarily produces confusion and outrage. Now in preventing such strife as this and in making it impossible the efficacy of Christianity is marvelous and manifold. First of all there is nothing more powerful than religion (of which the church is the interpreter and guardian) in drawing rich and poor together by reminding each class of its duties to the other and eepecially of the duties of justice. Thus religion teaches the laboring man and the workman to carry out honestly and well all equitable agreements freely made, never to injure capital nor to outrage the person of an employer, never to employ violence in representing his own cause nor to engage in riot or disorder, and to have nothing to do with men of evil principles who work upon the people with artful promises and raise foolish hopes which usually end in disaster and in repentance when too late. Religion teaches the rich man and the employer that their work people are not their slaves; that they must respect in every man his dignity as a man and as a Christian; that labor is nothing to be ashamed of if we listen to right reason and to Christian philosophy, but is an honorable employment, enabling a man to sustain his life in an upright and creditable way, and that it is shameful and inhuman to treat men like chattels to make money by or to look upon them merely as so much muscle or physical power. Thus again religion teaches that as among the workman's concerns are religion herself and things spiritual and mental the employer is bound to see that the workman has time for the duties of piety; that he be not exposed to corrupting influences and dangerous occasions, and that he be not led away to neglect his home and family or to squander his wages. Then again the employer must never tax his work people beyond their strength nor employ them in work unsuited to their sex or age. His great and principal obligation is to give to every one that which is just. Doubtless before we can decide whether wages are adequate many things have to be considered; but rich men and masters should remember this: that to exercise pressure for the sake of gain upon the indigent and destitute, and to make one's profit out of the needs of another is condemned by all laws, human and divine. To defraud any one of wages that are his due is a crime which cries to the avenging angel of heaven. "Behold, the hire of the laborers * * * which by fraud hath been kept back by you crieth, and the cry of them hath entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth."—(I St. James, v. 4.) Finally, the rich must religiously refrain from cutting down the workman's earnings either by force, by fraud or by usurious dealing, and with the more reason because the poor man is weak and unprotected and because his slender means should be sacred in proportion to their scantiness.

SEVENTH GRAND ASSEMBLY.

Annual Meeting of Delegates of the Young Men's Catholic Union.

The Seventh Grand Assembly of the Young Men's Catholic Union will meet at Fraternity Hall, Shiel's Building, 32 O'Farrell, on Monday evening, and remain in session for the two subsequent nights. A number of amendments to the Constitution and the election of Grand Officers for the ensuing term are the most important matters to be considered.

An interesting feature of the Grand Assembly will be the awarding and presentation of two magnificent badges to the members who have, during the year, secured the greatest number of new members. The fortunate ones are James J. Keating of Leo Assembly, No. 4, and Richard Roach of St. Patrick Assembly, No. 5.

The present Grand Officers are: Edward Luby, Past Grand President; P. H. Hanrahan, Grand President; Dr. T. H. Morris, Grand First Vice President; A. H. Giannini, Grand Second Vice President; S. Haskins, Grand Secretary; James English, Grand Treasurer; M. Rodgers, Grand Marshal; N. Fitzgerald, Dr. T. F. Brennan, J. J. Dunnigan and A. J. Bolger, Trustees.

NOTICE TO OUR PATRONS.

For the convenience of our subscribers and others who may not find it convenient to call at the editorial rooms of the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC at 536 Clay street, we have made arrangements with A. Waldteufel, 721 Market street, to act as agent for the paper. Mr. Waldteufel has full authority to receive and receipt for moneys for this paper, and make contracts for advertising. He will give full information regarding it. Parties desiring sample copies will be cheerfully accommodated by Mr. Waldteufel.

A THRIVING SOCIETY.

Young Men of St. Patrick's Well Organized.

Religious and Intellectual Improvement.

Preparing For Their Coming Quarterly Communion—Its Previous Successful Affairs.

Nothing is more gratifying to those who take an interest in the Catholic young men of San Francisco than the fact that at the present time, in almost every parish in the city societies for young men are either in existence or in process of formation. For some time past we have occasionally read of meetings held and entertainments given by these different young societies. At one time it was a literary entertainment by the Young Men's Society of St. Francis' Parish; again, a social by that of St. Dominic's; then a banquet by Holy Cross or a street parade by St. Charles', and so on. Even from far off St. Paul's, and the country district surrounding "Old St. Mary's College" reports come to us that the zealous priests of those parishes have their young men in line with the requirements of the times. Now all this is really encouraging to the young men and to all who take an interest in them, for it clearly shows that the different pastors of these respective parishes are alive to the fact that the young men of today must be safe-guarded against the evil tendencies that surround them.

But it must be borne in mind that what the Catholic young men today have to fear most, is not that bigotry—hideous, heartless, unreasoning bigotry—which with drawn sword tries to impede their progress; it is not that spirit of un-Americanism or A. P. Aism that we have to fear, even though with its poisonous fangs it is ready to deal out death and destruction, for the great body of the intelligent American people must soon, in a moment of indignation and disgust, raise its foot and crush this serpent's head. No, nothing is to be feared from these, either now or ever; but what we have to fear most of all today is the chilling, the paralysing effect of constant and familiar association with thousands who either profess no faith at all, or who hold one different from ours. It is to counteract, as far as possible, this evil influence that the Young Men's Societies have been formed and are maintained throughout the city.

It was my privilege lately to attend one of the regular monthly meetings of one of these societies, and I must say that I was both edified and instructed. It was a meeting of the Young Men's Society of St. Patrick's Parish. This is a society which is working most energetically and successfully. It is going quietly along, attracting no public attention and desiring none, but withal gaining strength with length of days. The monthly meetings are unique, and both instructive and attractive. Although the moral improvement of the members is the principal object for which the society was formed and is attained by the monthly instructions and the quarterly communion, yet the intellectual improvement is not neglected, but on the contrary, forms one of its very useful features. The monthly meetings are made most interesting to the members by the literary exercises—debates, essays, recitations—and by innocent and social amusements.

At the last meeting of this society, officers for the coming term were elected. The names I will send to you for the next number of your paper. And as these newly elected officers are all young men who have always been most regular in their attendance at the meetings and most enthuaiastic workers for the society's good, it is confidently expected that the coming year will be one of unprecedented success in the history of the society.

The next regular monthly meeting will take place on Monday evening, August 6th in the Sodality Hall of the church, and a very large attendance of members is expected, as a very select and enjoyable program is arranged for that occasion. Sunday August 12th will be communion Sunday for the society as a body, and it is the earnest and the prayerful wish of the Spiritual Director, that every young man whose name is on the membership roll may receive Holy Communion on that day.

The society has had many successes within the last few months, but it was not for successes such as these that the society was established, and hence it must be looked upon as a failure, if the end of its formation be not kept in view—the spiritual advancement of the members. Two months ago an excursion to the country was given under the auspices of the young men composing this society, and its success was beyond all hope, over 2000 enjoying the day which the young men had arranged for them. Since then as a Society they took part in the Grand Parade of the "Young Men's Institute," and their presence that day in such numbers, dressed in becoming costume, together with their soldierly appearance when in line, merited and received many warm congratulations.

On these occasions they did more than was expected of them; but now a far more important occasion than either of these is at hand; let us hope that if they do not exceed, they will at least equal the expectations of those who are interested in their welfare—that they will on Sunday, August 12th, do honor to themselves and the Society to which they belong by receiving Holy Communion iu a body at the 8 o'clock mass.

S. D.

LEAGUE OF THE CROSS.

Grand Temperance Rally at St. Joseph's Hall.

The branches of the League of the Cross comprising the Second District, located in St. Joseph's, St. Charles and Mission Dolores parishes, and including the boys of the Youth's Directory on Howard street, held their first district rally at St. Joseph's Hall Sunday afternoon.

The members of St. Joseph's Branch, to the number of 250, marched into the hall at 2 o'clock. The other branches of the district immediately followed, and composed a division of over 500 boys and young men, Company B of the League Cadets, in bright uniforms, acting as escort.

The large hall was filled by members of the society from the other districts and by friends of the movement.

Occupying seats on the platform were: Rev. Fathers P. Scanlan and J. Gleason of St. Joseph's, Rev. P. C. Yorke, Chancellor, and Rev. Father Dempsey of the Cathedral; Rev. P. E. Mulligan of St. Charles, Colonel William Sullivan of the League of the Cross Cadet regiment and other officers of the society.

The following program was rendered in excellent form, under the direction of A. B. Maguire, District Chairman:

Piano solo, Miss Annie Burns; hymn, "The Veni Creator"; opening prayer; recitation, Fred Farmer; vocal duet, Messrs. M. Brady and J. Geary; character song and chorus, "Roger, the "Tin-maker Man," St. Joseph's Parochial School Boys' Choir; comic song, Walter Goldsmith; address, Judge Frank J. Murasky; overture, St. Charles' Young Men's Orchestra; national hymn, "America"; recitation, Private Walter Doyle of Company B, League Cadets; Kanaka song, Mission Dolores' Juvenile Choir; marching song and chorus, St. Joseph's Parochial School Drill Corps; hymn, the "Te Deum"; closing prayer.

The chief feature was the eloquent address of Judge Murasky, which, interspersed with anecdotes, was made very interesting and was listened to with rapt attention by the youthful auditors.

An innovation was the congregational singing of the hymns led by Father Yorke. The entire audience, standing, participated in the singing with enthusiasm.

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THE LIQUOR QUESTION

Full Text of Monsignor Satolli's Decision.

Affects Only the Diocese of Columbus.

Other Prelates Unite in Upholding the Action of the Papal Ablegate. Its Effects.

Monsignor Satolli, the Apostolic Delegate, has rendered a decision condemning the liquor traffic, especially as it is carried on in the United States, and approving the exclusion of liquor-dealers from Catholic societies. This decision was called forth by an appeal from the ruling of Bishop Watterson of Columbus, Ohio. In the last Lenten season, Bishop Watterson, who is one of the most ardent temperance reformers in the Catholic Church, addressed a letter to the clergy of his diocese, to be read before their several congregations. The letter dealt wholly with the temperance problem. Bishop Watterson said:

"I hereby withdraw my approbation from any and every Catholic society or branch or division thereof in this diocese that has a liquor-dealer or saloonkeeper at its head or anywhere among its officers, and I suspend every such society itself from its rank and privileges as a Catholic society until it ceases to be so officered. I again publish the conditions without which for some years I have declined to approve of new societies or new branches of old organizations in this diocese—namely, that no one who is engaged either as principal or agent in the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors can be admitted to membership. You will make this rule known to the organizations in your parish and have it faithfully observed. It is sure, however, to commend itself to every right-spirited and healthy association of Catholic gentlemen.

"If there are saloonkeepers in your parish who call themselves Catholics, and yet carry on their business in a forbidden and disedifying way, or sell on Sundays, either openly or under any sort of guise or disguise, in violation of civil law, and to the hurt of order and religion and the scandal of any part of the community, you will refuse them absolution should they perchance come to receive the sacrament, unless they promise to cease offending in these or other ways and to conduct their business blamelessly if they can, or get out of it and keep out of it altogether."

The circular letter made a stir. The society most affected appealed to the Apostolic delegate to have the action of Bishop Watterson reversed. On March 15, Mgr. Satolli replied to the letter of the Secretary of the society, and rendered his decision upholding Bishop Watterson.

Not satisfied, and thinking that possibly the Apostolic Delegate had not sufficient information, the society resolved to appeal again to him and give a more extended statement of its grievance. To make matters more secure it was resolved to get Bishop Watterson to sign the appeal, verifying its statements. The Bishop read it carefully and said, "Gentlemen, I will sign your appeal most cheerfully." He signed it too cheerfully for the comfort of the appealers. They must have surmised that the Bishop felt secure of his theological grounds justifying him in prohibiting saloonkeepers from membership in Catholic societies.

The appeal was presented with all possible formality when last month Archbishop Satolli visited Columbus on other business. He stated that he would give the matter due consideration and decide on the petition.

Bishop Watterson informed the Apostolic Delegate that the State Convention of the C. T. A. U. was to meet in Fremont on July 10, and, as he was to be present to address the delegates, he would very much like to have his reply before that time that he might announce the decision to the convention. The Apostolic Delegate replied that he would answer by that date, and then wished the Bishop to present his regards to the convention, and express his regrets that he could not be present to greet the delegates.

The Bishop read the letter of the Apolostic Delegate first in Latin and then a translation of it in English. The delegates and congregation listened with intense interest. With even more interest listened Archbishop Elder and Bishop Horstmann, because the decision was news to them, as well as to the delegates, since Bishop Watterson had not communicated the decision to any one until he read it for the delegates, as he had requested that it be sent in time for the convention. Hence, in a certain sense, the letter of the Apostolic Delegate might be considered the property of the convention.

Following is the letter of Monsignor Satolli in full:

WASHINGTON, July 3, 1894.—Dear Sir:—In answer to your letter, which, together with the document inclosed therein (the bishop's letter), you handed me during my stay in Columbus. As far as the general principle is concerned you should know that it belongs to the office of a bishop to observe in his own diocese what is hurtful to the spiritual good of the faithful; so it belongs to his power to command, prohibit, counsel or permit to be done, or removed, whatever he judges to contribute to the discharge of his own duty and to the good of the faithful. The letter or decree of the Bishop of Columbus concerning Catholic societies and the abstinence to be observed from intoxicating liquors ought by no means to be subjected to the judgment of every private individual or of every association of simple Catholics or citizens; but every Catholic of good conscience must hold for certain that the bishop has commanded those things which seem to be for the greater good of the faithful and the honor of every Catholic society. Those three things which are expressed in the letter of the right reverend bishop have the approval not only of Catholics but non-Catholics of your city, because they are not only in harmony with the laws of the Church, but they are also seasonable and necessary to the honor of the Church, especially in the State of Ohio.

Therefore those things which the right reverend bishop has commanded in his decree I approve and decide that they are to be observed. But if perhaps they, for the time being, seem to hurt the material interests of some, this will have to be patiently borne for the good of the many and for the honor of our holy Catholic Church.

Remain, therefore, of good will and obey faithfully what the right reverend bishop has decreed, confident that divine providence rewards the spirit of obedience, not only in the future but also in the present life.

Farewell in the Lord.

FRANCIS ARCHBISHOP SATOLLI,
Apostolic Delegate.

Bishop Watterson, after concluding the letter, said: "I received this most important letter on the 4th of July; hence it may be considered as a new Declaration of Independence." A smile went around at this apt remark, and a ripple of applause was started, but immediately stopped when the sanctity of the place was considered. Bishop Watterson said: "Were we assembled in any other place than the church, I would ask you to give three cheers for the Apostolic Delegate, for I consider his decision of the greatest importance to the temperance cause in our country, the effect of which on priests and people must be most beneficial, giving new heart and new courage to those seeking to spread total abstinence."

The editor of the Wine and Spirit Gazette challenged Archbishop Corrigan "to dare enforce in letter and spirit the decree against the liquor traffic just issued." To this the Archbishop sends the following, worthy of a good prelate: In reply to your expressed wish I have the honor to say that I loyally accept the principles laid down by Mgr. Satolli, both in their spirit and to the letter. More than this, no Catholic can refuse to accept them. As to the fear of consequences, I have yet, thank God, to learn what fear is in the discharge of my duty. Please remember, however, that acceptance of principles is not to be confounded with the blind application of the same on all occasions and under all circumstances."

It has also been endorsed by Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia; Archbishop Chappelle of New Mexico and Archbishop Elder of Cincinnatti.

Bishop Spalding of Peoria questions the advisability of excluding saloonmen from membership in Catholic societies. All the prelates unite in saying though, that the decision as far as its force is concerned, is merely local.

Mgr. Satolli has not declared it to be a principle that all saloon-keepers are to be expelled from Catholic societies, nor has he even declared this to be a law in the Church of the United States or extended it beyond the limits of the diocese of Columbus. Mgr. Satolli has not committed himself to the principle that the liquor traffic, absolutely speaking and stripped of its abuses, is wrong or an occasion of sin, nor has His Eminence declared that the moderate use of it absolutely speaking and apart from its application to certain cases is a wrong or the occasion of sin.

CATHOLIC SCIENTISTS TO MEET.

An International Congress at Brussels—Father Zahm a Delegate.

Rev. J. A. Zahm, C. S. C., of Notre Dame University, sailed this week from New York to attend the sessions of the Third International Catholic Scientific Congress at Brussels. The selection of Father Zahm as delegate from the United States to this great gathering is a happy one, as he is admittedly the leading Catholic scientist in the country.

The Congress will open on September 4th, and will last about a week. Its importance to Catholics may be judged from the fact that Father Zahm considers it the most momentous event of the kind since the Vatican Council. It will be attended by Catholic scientists from all parts of the civilized world, the European delegates alone numbering about 1000.

To Receive the Pallium.

One of the grandest ceremonies of the Catholic Church will be celebrated in Santa Fe during the coming fall, when the Pallium will be conferred upon the Most Rev. Bishop Chapelle. This will be the third presentation of the Pallium in Santa Fe, the first being when the lamented Bishop Lamy was consecrated Archbishop. The second occasion was when the venerable and beloved Bishop Salpointe was elevated to the same dignity. Apostolic Ablegate Satolli, Cardinal Gibbons and several other prelates are expected to assist at the august ceremonial.

In anticipation of this great event extensive improvement and additions are now in progress in and around the cathedral, and throughout the Territory elaborate preparations are being made for the event.

Notice to Catholics.

The Supreme Court of Alabama has decided that the soul is not a legal entity. A resident of Mobile bequeathed $2000 to be used to obtain masses for the repose of his soul. The heirs objected. The court decreed that the bequest was void because there was no living beneficiary of the trust to execute it and enforce the performance of it, and the soul of the departed was not an entity in the contemplation of the law. Moral: Either give while you live or in your will mention some priest or bishop to take charge of the bequest and see that the masses are said.

Bishop Keane Coming West.

Bishop Keane, Rector of the Catholic University, is at present in Rome. On his return, in September, Bishop Keane proposes to resume his travels in the West, which circumstances obliged him to forego last spring. Between October and December he will preach and lecture at various points in Minnesota, Colorado, Montana, Arizona and Oregon.

Personal.

Prof. John Montgomery, son of Zach Montgomery was in the city this week, renewing acquaintance with old friends. Prof. Montgomery is connected with St. Joseph's Seminary, Alvto, Humboldt county.

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SATURDAY - AUG. 4, 1894

Order of the Forty-Hours Devotion

In the Churches and Chapels in the Diocese of San Francisco, for the month of August.

August 5—Twelfth Sunday after Pentecost.

Mt. Carmel, Redwood City.

Sisters Holy Family Chapel, San Francisco.

CALENDAR

For the Week Ending Saturday, Aug. 11

5—SUN. — Twelfth after Pentecost — Our Lady of the Snow, 366.
6—MON.—The Transfiguration of Our Lord.
7—TUES.—St. Cajetan, F. (Theatines, 1547)—St. Donatus, Bp. M., 362.
8—WED.—Bl. Peter Faber, S. J., 1546.
9—THUR.—St. Romanus, Soldier, 258.
10—FRI.—St. Lawrence, Deacon, M. 259.
11—SAT.— St. Philomena, V. M., 300.

MONSIGNOR SATOLLI.

The Papal Delegate's Mission.

Under the heading "Satolli and the Saxon," the Presbyterian Observer of New York has written a most offensive article on the Papal Delegate. It has been reproduced in different papers. Judging by this and the circulation of apocryphal statements attributed maliciously to Catholic journals, it is not rash to conclude the enemy feels already the weighty influence of the representative of the Vicar of Christ in our glorious land of liberty.

It is well both for outsiders as well as for ourselves to be reminded of the solid base on which the Papal Delegate's mission rests. Holy faith teaches that the Pope possesses full power and immediate jurisdiction in the whole and every part of the Church. The Pope receives directly from the person of the Son of God the plenitude of authority for governing the entire Kingdom of Christ on earth. It is thus that the Pope is the Vicar of Christ, the holder of the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, the possessor of sovereign authority over the Church of Christ. Bishops by divine creation are an essential part of the Church. They exercise spiritual authority, but derive it not directly from Jesus Christ. Their commission to labor in their dioceses emanates from the Pope. He as Bishop has neither more nor less power by consecration than any bishop of Christendom, each thus receives the fulness of the Sacrament of Orders. But as the Head of the Church the Pope is the sole fountain of divine jurisdiction, and therefore the Bishop of Bishops.

The Pope has therefore momentous duties and responsibilities, the like of which no man has. To aid in the exercise of such authority, there are resident Cardinals and Congregations at Rome corresponding to Senators and departments of State. Throughout the Church are Archbishops, Metropolitans and Patriarchs endowed with extra power of jurisdiction. These, as well as Bishops, have at certain regular periods to give a detailed report to the Holy See of that part of the Lord's vineyard in which they are overseers.

For the purpose of expediting matters of church government, as a bond of union with the Vicar of Christ, as well as informing the Pope on the general interests of a country, apart from the special needs of a diocese, representatives of his Holiness are sent as Legates, Nuncios and Delegates.

The Holy Father acted in strict accordance with custom and with his indubitable right in appointing a permanent Apostolic Delegate to the Church in the United States. Nowhere, perhaps, was one more needed. The rapid spread of Catholicity in so wide a territory, the development of archdioceses with suffragan bishops corresponding in some way to the separate States of the Union, the need of putting justice in matters spiritual within easy reach by a Supreme Appellate Court of the Church, to keep zeal and enthusiasm in the line of Catholic tradition and breathe into them a Catholic spirit, to keep Rome well informed of the surroundings in which the ecclesiastical hierarchies are laboring; all absolutely required a representative of the Holy See.

No greater favor could have been conferred on the Vineyard of the Lord in the States. It has been received by the earnest children of the Church with every feeling of respect, reverence and obedience. The blessed fruit of the embassy is already manifest. The nation at large is visibly taught the supremacy of the Pope; those of the Household of the Faith are increasing their devotion to the Holy See; and to our ecclesiastical organization is given the keystone of strength and unity.

For this onerous and delicate mission Leo XIII, who has throughout his glorious Pontificate shown such superhuman wisdom in selecting efficient co-operators, chose Archbishop Satolli President of the Academy of Noble Ecclesiastics. Gifted with piety and learning, trained under the fostering care of the Holy Father, imbued with the spirit of Rome, and filled with the ardour of saving souls, his Excellency has in evil report and good report acted with a prudence and justice that adds to the profound gratitude of American Catholics.

PUBLIC SCHOOL PATRIOTISM.

The following from the Record Union of Sacramento are somewhat startling and instructive:

Most of the public schools now devote an hour of one Friday of each month to patriotic exercises. That is good; it is excellent. But if fifteen minutes of that is given to addressing the children upon the definition of liberty, its relation to law and the obligation and duty to citizenship, infinitely greater good will be effected. We find that our school children develop plenty of patriotic enthusiasm under the stimulus of sentimental appeal, but they are not so well informed as they should be upon fundamental truths underlying free government, and upon the meaning of self-government and the duty of the loyal citizen to the State and to his fellowmen.

Shall we not see to it that the children in our schools are more thoroughly and impressively instructed in the duties, obligations, privileges and guarantees of citizenship? To that end we must see to it also that those in charge of our schools are not only equal to the task of such teaching, but are themselves patriots.

We very much fear, in the light of facts that have recently come to our knowledge, that there are not a few teachers in our schools whose conception of patriotic duty is exceedingly narrow, and that they are imbued with doctrines and beliefs that are very little short of rank disloyalty; teachers who have excused to their pupils things which never can be excused—resistance to authority, disregard of the laws of the land and contempt for the decrees of the courts.

Never was it more important than at present that Catholics should well understand the doctrines of the Church, and to be able to give a reason for their faith. Ignorance concerning our belief and practices, accounts for much of the enmity and bigotry rampant throughout the States. It is said a little learning is a dangerous thing; the exception, is where religion is concerned. Every point of the Church's teaching securely known, is a stone well placed in the temple of religious knowledge.

The decision of Monsignor Satolli on the liquor trade in reply to Bishop Watterson is practically a new departure. No more important pronouncement has been given in favor of temperance.

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Extracts from the letter of Pope Leo XIII which we publish today, ought to convince all right-minded men that the true friend of the commonwealth, its trusty counsellor, is the Catholic Church. The plain categorical teaching of the Encyclical on Capital and Labor puts in clear light the duties and rights of the one and the other. We would urge workingmen to read and re-read it; and such of them as are parents, we say thoroughly instruct your children in its principles. Many of the passages should be learnt by heart.

At the close of his active life, our Holy Father, as it were a last testament, earnestly entreats the varied bodies professing Christianity to return to the Mother and Mistress of all Churches. To Catholics it will recall the missionary work each is able in his own immediate circle, to do for the cause of unity. In a later issue, we shall return to this subject. Meanwhile, our readers will be glad to learn that a crusade of prayer for the conversion of unbelievers has been established in the United States. Already some 200,000 persons repeat daily a prayer for this purpose. It is approved and indulgenced by the Holy Father. By applying to the Ave Maria, Notre Dame, Ind., copies of the prayer may be had gratis.

SACRED HEART COLLEGE.

De La Salle Literary Society Elects New Officers.

The De La Salle Literary Society of the Sacred Heart College has organized by the election of the following officers: Brother Xenophon, President; James Carberry, Vice-President; Aloysius Mallon, Secretary, and Dennis Horgan, Treasurer.

On Tuesday the members of the society debated on the question of the Governmental ownership of railroads, and decided that the Government should own them. The members have not yet fixed the date when their action shall take effect, but there is little doubt that Congress will as soon as acquainted with their action reject the Funding Bill, and proceed to relieve Mr. Huntington and his brother railroad magnates from the duties of their positions.

Every class in Sacred Heart College is full to overflowing. Brother Alexander has secured another brother from St. Mary's College, and is fitting up a second room for the use of a commercial class about to be formed. The attendance at the college this year is the largest in its history.

The pleasing news has reached Rome that the study of philosophy of St. Thomas is going to be restored in Holland. The Catholic press of the country announces that before long courses of Catholic philosophy and theology will be instituted at the University of Amsterdam. This university, like the others of Holland, is a Protestant one. The chair of Catholic Thomistic Philosophy and Theology has been offered to the Rev. Van Schyndel, of the Society of Jesus.

Miss Winifred Martin, formerly of California, now of Baltimore, has made a bequest to the Catholic University for a burse or scholarship in perpetuity for the Baltimore archdiocese. This makes the fourth scholarship that has been established at this university for the Baltimore archdiocese.

In the Cathedral of Detroit, on July 1, Reverends Peter and Michael Esper, twin brothers, received Holy Orders from Right Reverend Bishop Foley. This is the second case of the kind in the history of the Church in the United States.

The Pope's wreath for M. Carnot's coffin was of lilies, emblems of purity; lilies of the valley, emblems of hidden virtues; gardenias, emblems of saintliness in worldly society; and passion flowers bordering all.

The latest aspirant for honors in the field of Catholic journalism is the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC, published in San Francisco. Henry I. Fisher is editor and publisher. Our best wishes.—Catholic Times, Philadelphia.

The CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC, a bright six-page weekly, has made its appearance. Henry I. Fisher is editor and publisher. As the price is only $1 50 per year, it should receive a large number of subscribers. We wish him success.—Pacific Calendar.

SELECTIONS

WAS A TRULY PIOUS MAN.

Parson Goodfriend's Wrestle With and Triumph Over Satan and Sunday Sap.

She was from the country, but she didn't intend to take back water on anything on that account if she could help it. Piety was the subject of discussion, and Sister Jane, who lived in a town that made some pretensions to being considered a city, had been expatiating on the immaculate righteousness of Parson Jenkins. Sister Melinda bided her time until her innings came round, and then she took the floor.

"I don't mind allowin," she said, "that Parson Jenkins is a powerful religious man, but when it comes to downright wrestlin with satan an resistin his wiles an temptations, why, I stan right up in meetin an say that our Parson Goodfriend can't be beat by no man. He don't run a soup kitchen, 'cus we don't have no use for such things down our way, an he don't go slummin, 'cus we ain't got no slums, but he's always ready for a tussle with the adversary, no matter how many snares an pitfalls he sets for his feet. You know, he keeps a maple grove onto his little place, an he sets a powerful store by 'em. Well, it hadn't been very good sugarin weather at the time I'm speakin of it. It had been freezin considerable nighttimes, but it hadn't thawed out any daytimes, an the sap hadn't a good chance to run. But Parson Goodfriend wuz allers a great han fer takin time by the forelock, so he got his holes bored, an his spouts druv in, an his buckets set so as to have everything ready to take advantage of the right sort of weather when it came along. Well, he done that on Wednesday, an them trees of his never dripped a drop on Thursday, nor on Friday, nor on Saturday, but on Sunday the sun shone out powerful warm, an everything was thawin. An when he went to look at his trees on Monday mornin —'cus, of course, he wouldn't let himself think of them even on Sunday—he found that his sap troughs and buckets wuz just brimful. Then what do you think he done?"

"Why, I suppose he did what any other man would have done," replied Sister Jane. "He took the sap away to make maple sugar out of it."

"Yes, that's what Parson Jenkins would 'a' done, no doubt," said Sister Melinda triumphantly, "an it just proves what I'm tellin these facts for —there ain't no more pious man livin than our Parson Goodfriend. No, he didn't shout for joy an take that sap away, but he just flopped down on his knees right then an there, an he says—it was my own cous'n what heard him —'Get thee behind me, satan; you can't tempt me with any Lord's day sap.' An then he riz up an emptied every drop of the stuff onto the ground, an next Sunday he preached the most convincin sermon I ever heard on the wiles of the evil one."—New York Advertiser.

Cremation In Boston.

Cremation has become an accepted institution in Boston. The records of the Massachusetts Cremation society, whose crematory is near the Forest Hills cemetery, show that up to June 1—that is, five months since the opening of the crematory—there have been 40 incinerations, the number constantly increasing each month. In May there were 16 in all. Socially considered, all classes of people have been represented in this new mode of disposing of the dead here, and all ages, from 94 to 5 years, figure in the official entries of cremations. The system is a perfect success, and the average time required for the complete reduction of the body to ashes is about 1½ hours.—Boston Transcript.

The Anarchists and the Lords.

The entire opposition press condemns Lord Salisbury for his bill and speech in favor of reviving the power of expulsion of aliens for use against the anarchists. The sober people of both parties, however, regard Lord Rosebery's reply as bombastic and theatrical rather than sound in fact and theory. Everybody believes, in spite of the prime minister's sweeping denial, that many anarchist outrages are plotted in London. Lord Salisbury told the simple unwelcome truth, and his bill was not attacked on that ground. No progress yet has been made, however, toward any practical scheme for the international crushing of the anarchist.—London Letter.

All Wiman Had Left.

Mr. Wiman was in a jovial mood when his bail bond for $80,000 was signed by Mr. Charles Broadway Rouss. Just before leaving the district attorney's office Mr. Rouss asked Mr. Wiman if he had any money.

"I don't know," replied Mr. Wiman, digging down into his vest pocket. "Yes, I've still got this," he exclaimed, suddenly pulling out a $2 bill.

"Is that all?" asked Mr. Rouss.

"I guess that's all that's left," replied Mr. Wiman, with a faint smile, "although I may have a few dollars more in my valise."

The men then left the building.—New York Dispatch.

The New Lord Chief Justice.

The new lord chief justice, who has just taken his seat, makes a striking figure on the bench, says a London correspondent. Clad in a new white wig and a bright gray gown, he is the personification of dignity. He has taken with him to the bench the famous snuff-box to which he frequently resorted when torturing some poor victim on cross examination and the immense bandanna which he often waved as a flag of triumph on the legal battlefield. He has been much more attentive and quiet during the cases thus far heard than many of his judicial associates.

A PALACE OF GHOSTS.

Haunted by Spirits of Women Who Poisoned One Another.

In the midst of the old ruins and palaces of Italy, stained with countless deeds of blood, it remains for one modern structure to be known particularly as the home of ghosts. This interesting building is described by Marion Crawford in an article in The Century devoted to the wonderful Italian coast between Sorrento and Salerno.

Above Agerola, which itself is almost directly above Prajano, on the southern side of the peninsula, stands an enormous palace, visible from the sea at a great distance. It is known as the Plazzo degli Spiriti (the palace of the ghosts), and I once took the trouble to climb up from Prajano and go all over it. It is entirely deserted and has neither doors nor windows, a building almost royal in proportions and plan, standing on a vast terrace overlooking the sea, by no means ancient, and in some parts decorated with frescoes and stucco work, which are fast falling a prey to the weather.

It was built by a personage known as General Avitabile, who came to a tragic end before he had completed his magnificent residence and whose heirs are, I believe, still quarreling about the division of the property, while the building itself is allowed to fall into ruins. It would be hopeless to attempt to disentangle the tales told about the family by the simple hillfolk. There were women in the case who poisoned one another and the general and whose spirits, venomous still, are believed to haunt the vast halls and corridors and staircases and underground regions of the palace.

Whether they do or not, a more appropriate place for hobgoblins, banshees, ghouls and vampires could scarcely have been created by a diseased imagination in a nightmare. Even at midday, under the southern sun, the whole place seems as uncanny as a graveyard on St. John's eve. Bits of staircase lead abruptly into blank walls, passages end suddenly in the high air, without window railing or parapet. Lonely balconies lead around dizzy corners to dismal watch turrets whence a human voice could hardly find its way to the halls within. The most undaunted explorers of the Society For Psychical Research might learn what "goose flesh" means in such a place as this.

A Murderer May Inherit From His Victim.

After six years' litigation the supreme court has decided the case of Ransom versus Shellenbarger, involving the point of whether or not a murderer can inherit property from his victim.

Seven years ago Lee Shellenbarger murdered his daughter in order that he might inherit some valuable property left her by her mother. He was convicted and sentenced to be hanged, but while the case was pending in the supreme court he was lynched. Before this tragic episode he had deeded his interest in the dead girl's estate to his attorneys, Frank Ransom and John C. Watson.

The other heirs contested the attorneys' rights, asserting that the law would not allow a murderer to profit by his crime. The attorneys contended that in this country crime worked no corruption of blood and no forfeiture of property and that Nebraska's statutes contained nothing to prevent Shellenbarger's transfer.

The trial court found for the attorneys, but the supreme court reversed this holding. Since then the personnel of this tribunal has entirely changed, and when the case came up the second time the court upheld the attorneys' contention.—Lincoln (Neb.) Dispatch to St. Louis Republic.

How Vandalia Got Its Name.

Some of the names of towns are arrived at in a peculiar way—for example, the town of Vandalia in Illinois, which was named in a singular manner. The man who owned the land on which the present town of Vandalia is situated was a man without a great deal of education and wanted a lawyer friend of his, who was a wag, to give him a name for his new town. The wag suggested that the Vandals were a very noted people, and that he should name the town "Vandalia," or the "home of the Vandals." It was at that time the coming metropolis of Illinois and subsequently the capital of that state and was named "Vandalia," the home of the Vandals, according to the wit's suggestion.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Judge of Music.

A concert was given at a German court in honor of some foreign prince. At its close the illustrious guest asked for a repetition of the first item on the programme. The first piece was accordingly played over again, but the visitor failed to recognize it as the one he had liked best. Suddenly the musicians fell to tuning their instruments, during which process all the company stopped their ears with the exception of the foreign monarch, who exclaimed in a rapture of delight, "That is my favorite piece."—Fliegende Blatter.

The Three Leaders.

The three great leaders in the emancipation of woman are the sewing machine, the typewriting machine and the bicycle.—Rochester Post-Express.

The Matador's Last Thrust.

The art of the matador is not to run up to the bull and stab him, but to have him come to you and fling himself upon the sword, while you direct his movements this way and that with the scarlet cape. He will follow a red cape anywhere, and the chulas are busy from the beginning of the fight to the end leading the bull away from the fallen picadors, or the imperiled banderilleros, or the matador. Even after the sword is thrust into his neck up to the hilt it takes the bull a long time to die. A harrowing sight it is. The noble creature—the only noble creature, as it seems, in the ring—stands up as long as he can, vomiting forth torrents of blood, as all his enemies crowd around him, sticking to it until he drops trembling against the fender. Then in come the teams of mules, gayly decorated with flags and ribbons, to carry the bull and horses around the ring at a gallop, leaving a bloody track behind. They are not content with removing the bodies by the nearest possible exit. Oh, no! These gay teams go galloping around the whole arena, each dragging its bloody carcass, while the band plays another quickstep.

They are hardly out of the ring before the drum rolls, and the next bull bursts into the arena. So it goes on until six bulls are done for. All the while our neighbors in the next box are eating and drinking. As for us, we see nothing but the suffering and death over and over again. It carries you back to the Roman circus, and you wonder what civilization has done for Spain, whose population is still so thirsty for blood. The Spaniards are so used to it that they see none of the barbarity, only the skill and the science. And the English residents in Spain are more enthusiastic than the Spaniards themselves.—Madrid Letter.

The Melungeons.

"I believe that the Melungeons of east Tennessee are the only living lineal descendants of the ancient Aztecs," said R. C. Borden of Asheville. "The Melungeons have always been a mystery, and but few facts are known about them. They came to east Tennessee from North Carolina more than a century ago. They have mixed with no other race and have always been filthy and ignorant. A few of them have grown wealthy, but when they do no effort is made to associate with Americans. They have no traditions as to when or how or whence they came, except as to their ancestors in North Carolina. Their names are of Portuguese origin, and their appearance suggests an admixture of Portuguese and Indian blood. They have been classed with negroes, but it is easily demonstrated that they are not of negro origin. I mingled with them a great deal at one time and was fortunate enough to obtain their confidence through an act of kindness to one of their number. A few relics of great age can be found in the hands of the better class in the shape of pottery and implements. Some of these are of the stone period; others are marked with rude imitations of the Maltese cross. They have a tradition that their dead ancestors in North Carolina are buried in mounds. Putting these points together, I believe that they are descendants of the Aztecs and of Portuguese sailors who landed upon the North Carolina coast."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

River Gambling For High Stakes.

"There used to be heavy gambling on the Missouri river as well as the Mississippi in the halcyon steamboat days," said W. D. Camera, a traveling man, the other day. "I remember a great game once played on the steamboat Bluff City, which afterward burned at the wharf in St. Louis. It was in the antebellum days, when Kansas City was comparatively unknown.

"At one table the fight for a big pot had narrowed down to two men—one an inveterate gambler, the other a stranger, whose destination was the little town of Robidoux. Presently the gambler said, 'I'll raise you $20,000 and give you just 15 minutes to call me.' The gentleman who was going to Robidoux replied: 'I don't need 15 minutes. Mr. Clark, bring out enough boxes of money from your office to see the gentleman and go him $20,000 better, and I will give him 30 minutes to call me. If that ain't enough, I'll buy the blamed steamboat and put that on the table.' The gambler threw down his hand, and the stranger made him a present of a $100 bill. The stranger was Joseph Robidoux, founder of the city of St. Joseph, and the little town of Robidoux is a part of St. Joseph today."—Kansas City Journal.

A Valuable Manuscript.

The pope has presented to the Vatican library what may be regarded as a real treasure. It consists of a manuscript given by the celebrated Fra Giocondo of Verona to Lorenzo de Medici, known in history as the "Magnificent." Vasari, in his life of Fra Giocondo, writes of this work and notes that Politan makes mention of this book in his "Muggeliane" and describes the author as "the most learned man of the old days." This work had been lost for a long time, and its recovery now is looked upon as fortunate. The name of Fra Giocondo crops up from time to time in the more recondite studies of the Italian renaissance—that period when learning, science and art made such immense strides in the highest degree of excellence. He was known as a man of great learning and is sometimes compared with that most remarkable scholar and marvelous artist, Leo Battista Alberti.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Sounds Well.

If you wish to drink out of something very pretty indeed, use the smoked chrysophase glassware. It is sweetly cool and pale in its green tint and blends so well with the nature that stands without the door and window it might have been blown in on a sea breeze.—Boston Herald.

WHAT ONE BOY THINKS.

A stitch is always dropping in the everlasting knitting,
And the needles that I threaded, no, you couldn't count today.
And I've hunted for the glasses till I thought my head was splitting,
When there upon her forehead as calm as clocks they lay.

I've read to her till I was hoarse the Psalms and the Epistles
When the other boys were burning tar barrels down the street,
And I've staid and learned my verses when I heard their willow whistles,
And I've staid and said my chapter with fire in both my feet.

And I've had to walk beside her when she went to evening meeting,
When I wanted to be racing, to be kicking, to be off,
And I've waited while she gave the folks a word or two of greeting,
First on one foot and the other, and 'most strangled with a cough,

"You can talk of Young America," I say, "till you are scarlet;
It's Old America that has the inside of the track!"
Then she raps me with her thimble and calls me a young varlet,
And then she looks so woebegone I have to take it back.

But there always is a peppermint or a penny in her pocket—
There never was a pocket that was half so big and deep—
And she lets the candle in my room burn 'way down to the socket,
While she stews and putters round about till I am sound asleep.

There's always somebody at home when every one is scattering.
She spreads the jam upon your bread in a way to make you grow.
She always takes a fellow's side when every one is battering.
And when I tear my jacket I know just where to go.

And when I've been in swimming after father said I shouldn't,
And mother had her slipper off according to the rule,
It sounds as sweet as silver, the voice that says "I wouldn't.
The boy that won't go swimming such a day would be a fool!"

Sometimes there's something in her voice, as if she gave a blessing,
And I look at her a moment, and I keep still as a mouse—
And who she is by this time there is no need of guessing,
For there's nothing like a grandmother to have about the house.

—Harriet Prescott Spofford.

The Duke of Coburg has decorated Mme. Albani with the order of Arts and Sciences.

Maggie Moore—Mrs. J. C. Williamson—is once more playing in "Struck Oil" at Melbourne.

George Darrell has gone back to Australia with the rights to play six American plays at the antipodes.

"A Political Woman" is the title of a new three act comedy by C. E. Mallett to be produced in London shortly.

Letters from Australia state that the theatrical season there has been fully as dull as it has been in America.

Joseph Jefferson says that America will never have a theater subsidized by the government, as changes would have to be made with each administration.

The young daughters of Willie Edouin and his wife (Alice Atherton) have gone on the stage in England under the names of May Bryer and Daisy Field.

Lord Francis Hope, whom it has been reported May Yohe has married, and who has just been declared a bankrupt, is a quiet little man of 35 or thereabouts.

The English Incorporated Society of Musicians asks parliament to empower it to grant powers to an authorized council to compile, maintain and issue an official list of qualified music teachers.

During the past season E. E. Rice has given employment to 228 actors, singers and dancers, and the salary sheets of his three companies—"1492," "Dixey" and "Venus"—amounted to $6,850 per week.

EDUCATIONAL.

SANTA CLARA COLLEGE.

SANTA CLARA, CALIFORNIA.—THIS INSTITUTION was founded in 1851, and in 1855 was incorporated with the privileges of a University. It occupies six large buildings, with extensive shady play-grounds, covered gymnasium, swimming pond etc. It possesses a most complete Philosophical Apparatus, and valuable collections of Mineralogy and Geology. It has, also, practical schools of Assaying, Surveying, Telegraphy, and Commercial Business. Diplomas are given in the classical department, and certificates in the commercial course. Terms (payable semi-annually in advance)—Matriculation Fee, to be paid but once, $15.00. Board, Lodging, Tuition in all branches, Washing and Mending Linen, School Stationery, medical attendance and Medicine, Baths, etc., per session of ten months, $350. For further particulars apply to the President of Santa Clara College, or to St. Ignatius College, 214 Hayes street, San Francisco. Illustrated catalogue of the college sent free on application to REV. JOSEPH RIORDAN, S.J. President.

Studies will be resumed Tuesday, Aug. 7, 1894.

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SUMMARY OF A WEEK.

Feasts of St. Ignatius and St. Dominic.

Elaborate Ceremonies to Be Used at Each.

Bishop Montgomery to Administer Confirmation in This City—Lecture at Old Holy Cross Church—Etc.

The usual interesting and complete budget of news of this city and many other places on the Coast will be found below.

St. Dominic's.

Today being the feast of St. Dominic, a special solemn high mass will be celebrated at 9 o'clock, by the Franciscan Fathers.

Tomorrow at 10:30 there will be a solemn high mass celebrated in honor of the feast by the Dominican Fathers at 10:30 o'clock. Rev. Alphonse Riley, O.P., will be celebrant; Rev. Thomas Dyson, O.P., deacon; Rev. Ceslaus Clancy, O.P., sub-deacon. The sermon will be preached by Rev. Pius Murphy, O.P. The choir, under the direction of Miss Desmond, organist, will sing the Asperges (Wilcox); Weber's Mass in G; Veni Creator (Millard); Offertory, Ave Maria (Owen); Jubilante Deo (Morello).

The choir will be composed as follows: Sopranos, Miss H. Kelly, Miss M. Lawler, Miss Cahill; altos, Miss Grimm, Miss Price; tenors, G. Jones, James Lane; bassos, W. Roberts and Mr. Sheerin; first violin, Mr. Crosley; viola, W. Jones; cello, Mr. Prentiss; organist, Miss D. Desmond.

The Young Men's Holy Name Society of this parish will soon have a paper of their own. Thos. J. O'Neil, the librarian of the society, is about to put on the editorial harness, and will issue, about the 1st prox., the first number of the new paper. It will be eight pages in size, and will be replete with interesting matter. Mr. O'Neil is an able and energetic worker, and the people of the parish will no doubt rally to the support of the new venture.

Holy Cross.

Upon the initation of Rev. John McGinty, Mrs. Alice T. Toomy, president of the Catholic Women's National League of America, will lecture tomorrow afternoon at three o'clock in the chapel at the cemetery (Ellis street), upon "Home and Its Needs." Mrs. Toomy will be followed by her daughter Miss Alice, who will speak upon temperance.

Mrs. Toomy's lectnre is the first of a series and is designed to interest Catholic women in the work of the League, which was organized last year.

This League has for its object the federation into a united body of all societies of Catholic women, as well as individuals, doing any kind of helpful work along philanthropic, educational or benevolent lines.

In every city throughout the country are found local organizations of Catholic women doing excellent charitable and humanitarian work. Their work and methods are often not known beyond their own city, and in many cases not beyond their own parish. In the belief that a national federation of these local societies will promote the best interests of humanity, make known and extend the work and advance the interests of the Church and of Catholic women all over the country, the Catholic Women's National League has been organized.

Right Rev. Bishop Montgomery will administer the sacrament of Confirmation to a large class now being prepared, on the first Sunday in October. His Lordship will also deliver a lecture during that week for the benefit of the new church building fund. The date and place have not yet been selected.

Star of the Sea.

A fair in aid of the building fund of the Star of the Sea Church will be held in Saratoga Hall early in October. The ladies of the parish are earnestly at work, and are meeting with a generous response. Father Coyle's parish is one of magnificent distances, yet in a rapidly growing community, and bids fair soon to become a very populous one. The proceeds of the fair will be devoted to paying off the indebtedness on the church and new parochial residence.

St. Ignatius.

The annual grand celebration of the feast of St. Ignatius will be celebrated tomorrow, Sunday, with a solemn high mass, commencing at 10:30 o'clock. The music will be rendered by a male choir of eighty voices, and a symphony orchestra of fifty pieces. Fanconier's Mass will be sung, with the offertory "Jesu Dulcis Memoria" by Riga. Rev. Henry Woods, S. J., will preach the sermon. The music will be repeated at the solemn high vespers on Sunday evening.

Rev. Father Woods, S J., will be Professor of Physics and Chemistry in place of Rev. Mr. Bell, S. J., and Messrs. Joy, Bollano and Galvin will have charge of classes. The College will reopen on Monday with every prospect of a large attendance.

St. James.

In honor of the feast of the patron saint of this church, solemn high mass was celebrated on Sunday last by Rev. P. J. O'Connor, with Rev. P. S. Casey as deacon, Rev. P. Cummings as sub-deacon and Rev. P. R. Lynch, master of ceremonies. The sermon was preached by Rev. P. C. Yorke. Weber's Mass in G was sung by the following choir: Sopranos—Mesdames Macdonald and Planchette, Misses Ella Donlon, J. Grant, T. de Bernardini; contraltos—Misses Rose Phillips, Nellie Hampton, Rose La Faielle, E. O'Connor; tenors—Robert Stantini, George Rice, Dan Gilfeather, T. O'Brian, V. Kingwell, F. Lane; bassos—M. Leonard, Maline, Planchette, Van de Pavert; organist, Rita R. Kelley. At the offertory, Signor Roberto Stantini sang Mercadantes "Salve Maria."

Santa Rosa.

The Catholic Ladies' Aid Society gave an entertainment on Tuesday night at Germania Hall for the benefit of the poor. Rev. Father Cassin gave an address in which he spoke of the claims of the poor upon the well-to-do, irrespective of creed or color. He commended the object of the entertainment and the practical work of the society. Recitations were given by the Misses Sullivan and Miss Laura Noonan. Mr. Dempsey gave a piano solo acceptably. Miss Lulu Parrish of Oakland gave a fancy dance. A trio on the piano and on two violins was given by Miss Isabella Coughlan and her two brothers. Miss Hattie Hobbs gave a piano solo. Dancing and refreshments concluded the entertainment.

Alameda.

Sunday, August 12, has been fixed as the date, and 3 p.m. as the hour, for the laying of the corner stone of the new church. Rev. J. J. Sullivan, the pastor, is working energetically to have the building constructed in time to be dedicated by Christmas, and from the progress already evident, his labors will be crowned with success. Very Rev. J. J. Prendergast, V. G., will officiate at the ceremony of laying the corner stone. The Catholics of Alameda are arranging to make the occasion an impressive demonstration, and will turn out in full force.

Notre Dame Academy will open on Monday.

Stockton.

The members of the Father Mathew Total Abstinence and Benevolent Society held an icecream social in the Y. M. I. Hall on Friday evening, to which were invited members of that organization and their friends. By eight o'clock the hall was entirely filled, for this society has gained much popularity in Stockton since its organization here some four years ago. After some short recitations the committee in charge served icecream and cake to all present, after which all returned to their homes, well pleased with the evening's entertainment. It is the intention of this society to give monthly socials, thereby bringing its members together for the purpose of listening to temperance lectures, etc. Rev. W. B. O'Connor our pastor, takes much interest in this society's welfare, and with with the present officers it is safe to predict for it a prosperous future.

Owing to the extreme warm weather, there will be no high mass in St. Mary's church for two or three months, but low mass will be celebrated instead. The hours for mass on Sunday mornings are seven, half-past eight and half-past ten o'clock. The mass celebrated at half-past eight is intended especially for the children of the parish, and it is a pleasure to see the little boys and girls attending our Catholic schools as they march in procession into the church. At the children's mass the main aisles are reserved for them. The school will not reopen before the first Monday of September.

San Jose.

The Gentlemen's Sodality of St. Joseph's Church held a special meeting in the college hall Saturday evening for the purpose of electing officers:

The following very efficient corps was elected on the occasion: Hon. C. T. Ryland, Prefect; Thomas McNally, First Assistant; James W. Gregg, Second Assistant; Recording Secretary, Louis Lighstone; Corresponding Secretary, Richard McCarthy; Treasurer, P. Regli; Assistant Treasurer, Frank Stebbins; Censors, Joseph Longo, J. M. Welch and S. Reis; Substitutes, Thomas Sullivan and Frank Reinnegger; Guardian of Probationists, William Stover; Procession Marshal, M. Farrell; Assistant, V. Scanlan; Communion Marshals, John Ward, William Schuh, John Devine, M. F. Marshall, F. Miotke; Consultors, J. H. Campbell, J. B. Pinard, J. B. Quinlan, H. Hogan, F. Barnes, Jesse Smith, T. Serio, F. J. Cullen, James Riordan, Michael Gregg, H. Franklin and J. W. Chute; Standard Bearer, T. J. Griffith; Assistant Standard Bearer, S. Saunders; Division Guardians, C. M. McGettigan, D. Quilty, H. Patton, J. Jasperson, J. Elitch and J. J. Normandin; Vestry Prefect, P. Leik, Assistant Vestry Prefect. R. Powers.

Last Sunday was the regular Communion Sunday, and all the officers, members and probationists were present and received at the 8 o'clock Mass. The Sodality is in a very flourishing condition, and numbers many of San Jose's most prominent citizens in its ranks.

Oakland.

Classes are being formed at St. Francis de Sales Church for instruction prior to the administration of the sacrament of Confirmation on the last Sunday in September. As it is about three years since a class was confirmed in this church, it is estimated that there will be nearly 500 candidates.

Santa Clara.

The following is a partial list of the officers and professors of Santa Clara College for the new session: President, Rev. Joseph Riordan; Vice-President, Rev. R. E. Kenna; Secretary, Rev. Joseph Caredda; Treasurer, Rev. J. F. Collins; Minister, Rev. M. A. McKey; Political Economy, Rev. A. Brunego; Ethics, Rev. Jerome Ricard; Logic, Rev. M. Shallo; Rhetoric, Rev. John J. Cunningham; Poetry, Rev. Henry Whittle; First Grammar, Rev. Joseph Lydon; Second Grammar, Rev. James Colligan; Third Grammar, Rev. Joseph De Rop; Preparatory, John A. Waddell; Commercial Rhetoric, Rev. V. Chiappa; Banking and Bookkeeping, Professor Geo. A. Sedgley and Professor J. Donovan; French, Rev. Jerome Ricard; Spanish, Rev. R. Arzu; German, Rev. Joseph P. Francis; Calculus, analytical geometry, trigonometry and surveying, Rev. Jerome Ricard; geometry, Rev. H. Whittle; algebra, Rev. Joseph Lydon; physical science, Rev. A. Brunengo; chemistry, mineralogy, assaying, geology and palæntology, Rev. A. Cichi; Chaplain, Rev. M. W. Shallo; pastor of St. Clares Church, Rev. Vincent Teste; assistants, Revs. A. Raggio and J. Dossola. Rev. Father Calzia will be stationed at St. Ignatius College, San Francisco.

The Sodality Philharmonic Society held its first rehearsal Monday evening.

Dr. George W. Fowler was united in wedlock to Miss Lena Manshot at the Catholic Church on Monday. After the ceremony the happy couple left for a few days' stay in San Francisco. On their return they will make Santa Clara their home. The church was crowded with the friends of the happy conple. Dr. George W. Seifert of San Jose acted as best man and Miss Fannie Fowler of Evergreen as bridesmaid. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Kenna, assisted by Rev. Father Raggio.

Rev. Father Francis of St. Louis arrived on Monday and will remain at the college.

Rev. P. McGlade of Dublin, Ireland, was a guest at the College last week.

Professor Schubert, teacher of music at the College, has proved himself to be a very successful fisherman at Santa Cruz, and favored the faculty with several large salmon.

San Luis Obispo.

One of the most pleasant gatherings held here of late was given by the Catholic Ladies' Aid Society at Mannerchor Hall on the evening of July 26th. It took the form of an apron and necktie party, and great amusement was created by the search for partners after the aprons and neckties were distributed. The affair was greatly enjoyed by all who participated.

Mrs. M. A. Egan, formerly Grand Vice-President, left for the East on Wednesday. Mrs. Egan will be absent for several months.

Halfmoon Bay.

The Catholic church of Halfmoon Bay, says the Democrat of Redwood city, has the finest choir in the county. It is composed of the following named ladies and gentlemen: Misses Annie and Theresa Gargan, Miss Anna Kieffer, Mr. Joseph McCarthy and Dr. Chas. McCarthy. The members of the choir are pronounced by some of the leading organists of San Francisco as having the sweetest voices ever heard in a country church.

Here and There.

His Grace Archbishop Riordan and Rev. Father McSweeney of Oakland are at Colorado Springs.

The following changes are announced among the clergy: Rev. M. Scanlan to be assistant at St. Rose's, city; Rev. J. Dillon to be assistant at Napa; Rev. J. Pimental to be assistant at Centerville; Rev. F. Alvarez to be assistant at St. Patriek's, San Jose.

The annual celebration of the feast of Portiuncula was celebrated at St. Boniface Church this week.

The members of the Catholic Ladies' Aid Society of Petalnma gave a very enjoyable open meeting on evening of the 26th ult. A literary and musical program, including an address by Grand President Deane, furnished the program of the evening.

Right Rev. Bishop Manogue administered the sacrament of Confirmation to a large class at Sutter Creek last Sunday.

The ladies of the Catholic Church of St. Helena will give a garden party in Hunt's Grove, Thursday, August 16th.

The ladies of St. Joseph's Church of Rio Vista contemplate holding a fair and entertainment in the course of six weeks or two months. In case they definitely decide to hold a fair the date will probably be set about the first week in October.

New Portuguese Church.

The new Portuguese church, of which mention was made in a previous issue, will be established at 525 Front street, near Jackson. A location was previously selected on Montgomery avenue, but it was not considered acceptable, hence the change. The first mass will be celebrated on Sunday, the 12th inst., at 10:30 o'clock, by Rev. Father Fernandez of Oakland, who for the present will have charge of the new congregation.

Next Thursday evening a concert will be given at the location of the church, commencing at 8:30 o'clock. The admission fee will be 25 cents, and the proceeds will be applied to furnishing the hall and altar. The talent will be composed of Portuguese singers, and a very entertaining programme is promised.

The new church will be dedicated to Saint Anthony of Lisbon. The seventh centenary of this saint will be celebrated on August 15, 1895, and already preparations are being made in honor of the event. In Portugal the demonstration will be on a grand scale. Father Fernandez will also have a celebration in this State, probably in Oakland.

New Sacred Heart Mother-General.

Mme. De Sartorius has been elected at Paris mother-general of the Nuns of the Sacred Heart, the place left vacant by the death of Mme. Lehon. Mme. De Sartorius for years has been one of the assistant mothers-general. She is the fourth to occupy this position, and is the last connecting link between the present members and Mme. Borat, the foundress, from whom she was the last to receive the ring and cross of the professed nun.

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SAN FRANCISCO MARKETS.

Grain, Etc.

WHEAT—Milling, $1 00@1 07½ ℔ ctl; shipping grades nominal at 85@88¾c; other qualities range down to 75c.

BARLEY — Feed, 80@85 ℔ ctl; brewing, 9½@9¾.

OATS — Off grades of feed, 85c@$1 05 ℔ ctl; good to choice, $1 10@1 17; fancy, $1 20@1 25; surprise, $1 30@1 35; milling, $1 1 @1 25; gray, good to choice, $1 05@1 12½.

CORN—Large yellow, $1 15@1 17 ℔ ctl; small do, $1 30@1 32½; white, $1 35@1 40.

BEANS—Pea, $2 50@2 75 ℔ ctl; pink, $1 75@1 80; bayo, $2 25@2 35; small white, $2 50@2 70; large do, $2 45@2 60; butter, large, $2 25@2 50; Lima, $3 00@3 70.

SEEDS—Rape, 1¾@2¼c ℔ ℔; hemp, 3¼@3¾c; canary, 3½@3¾c for imported California; do California, nominal; flaxseed, 3@3½c; alfalfa, 11c for Utah; mustard, nominal.

HAY—New crop—Wheat, $9 00@13 00 ℔ ton; wheat and oat, $9 00@12 00; stock, $6 00@7 50; alfalfa, $7 50@9 50; barley, $8 00@10 00 for choice and $6 00@8 00 for river; clover, $9 00@11 00; oat, $9 00@11 50.

STRAW—50@50c ℔ bale.

HOPS—Nominally 7@10c ℔ ℔.

BUCKWHEAT—Nominal.

RYE—85@90c ℔ ctl.

DRIED PEAS—Green, $1 25@1 50 ℔ ctl; Niles, $1 25@1 50.

Mill Products.

BRAN—From $16 00@17 00 ℔ ton for home product; do Oregon and Washington, $15 00@15 50.

MIDDLINGS—From $19 00@21 00 ℔ ton.

GROUND BARLEY—From $19 50@20 90 ℔ ton.

FEED CORNMEAL—From $27 50@28 00 ℔ ton.

CRACKED CORN—From $28 00@28 50 ℔ ton.

OILCAKE MEAL—$35 00 ℔ ton from mill; jobbing at $37 50.

COTTON SEED MEAL—$30 00@32 50 ℔ ton.

FLOUR—Family extra, $3 40@3 50 ℔ bb bakers' extra, $3 30@3 40; superfine, $2 55 2 75.

Vegetables.

Onions—From 25@35c ℔ ctl for red; yellow, 55@60c.

Potatoes—From 30@35c ℔ ctl in sks for Early Rose; 30@50c for Burbank and 60@70c for Chile Garnet; bxs, 40@70c for Early Rose and 50@90c for Burbanks.

Various—Green peas, 1½@2c ℔ ℔; string beans, 50c@$1 00 ℔ sk; green peppers, 25@50c ℔ bx; cucumbers, 25@30c for small bxs and 50@75c for large; summer squash, 25c; tomatoes, 50c@$1 00 for small bxs and $2 00@2 50 for large; green corn, 50c@$1 00 ℔ sk for common and 20@22½c ℔ doz for choice bay; green okra, 8@10c ℔ ℔; egg plant, 75c@$1 25 ℔ bx.

Fruits and Nuts.

FRESH FRUITS—Strawberries, $2 50@4 00 ℔ chest for Sharpless; do Watsonville, $3 00@4 00; do Longworth, $8 00@10 90; blackberries, $1 50@3 50; raspberries, $2 00@4 00; currants, $1 50@3 50.

Cherries—From 20@35c for black; Royal Anne, 20@30c; white grapes, 40@65c ℔ bx.

Apples, 15@25c ℔ bkt; do bx, 25@75c; apricots, 25@40c ℔ box; do bskt, 20@30c; plums, 20@40c; pears, 15@50c ℔ bx; do bskt, 15@25c; peaches, 25@50c for bskts and bxs; crabapples, 25@40c.

Melons—Arizona watermelons, 20@25c apiece; Honolulu do, 35@75c; Vacaville canteloupes, $2 50@3 00 ℔ crate.

Figs—White, 25@50c ℔ bx; black, 20@30c for 1 layer and 35@50c for 2 layer; do fancy, 65@75c.

LEMONS—California, 50c@$1 00 for 6ommon to fair; $1 50@2 00 ℔ bx for good to choice; fancy Santa Barbara, $2 50@3 00; do Santa Paula, $2 50@3 00; Mexican limes, $3 00@4 00.

Various—Bananas, $1 50@2 50 ℔ bunch; pineapples, $1 50@4 00 ℔ doz for Honolulu.

DRIED FRUITS—New crop—Apricots, jobbing at 10@11c ℔ ℔. Old crop—Apples, 5@6c for sliced; do quartered, 5@6c; do evaporated, 9@11c; peaches, bleached, 10@11c; do sun-dried, 7@8c; pears, 6@8c for bleached halves; do qrs, 2@4c; plums, pitted, 3½@4½c and 1½@2c unpitted; black figs, pressed, 3@4c; do unpressed, 1½@2c; do ungraded, 2½@4c; prunes, 4½@5½c for graded and 3@5c for ungraded.

Raisins—California clusters, $1 25@1 50 ℔ bx; do layers, 60c@$1 00; Muscatel, loose, bxs, 50@75c; do sks, 2¾@3c for No. 1 and 2¼@2½ for No. 2; dried grapes, 1½@1¾c ℔ ℔.

NUTS—Jobbing prices: Almonds, softshells, 8@11c ℔ ℔; do papershell, 12@13c; do hardshell, 5@6c; standard, 7@8c; walnuts, California, softshell, 9½@11c: do papershell, 9@10c; do hardshell, 7@8c; do Chile, 8@9c; chestnuts, Italian, 8@9c; Brazil, 6½@8c; Filberts, 10@11c; polished pecans, Texas, 8@10c; pinenuts, Mexican, 12@13c; peanuts, California, 6c; Virginia, 5½@6½c; hickory, nominal; cocoanuts, $5 00@5 50 ℔ 100.

Butter, Cheese and Honey.

BUTTER—Creamery, 18@20c ℔ ℔; fancy dairy, 16@17c; good to choice, 14@15c; pickled roll, nominal.

CHEESE—California, 7@8½c ℔ ℔ for flats; Young America, 9@9½c; Eastern, 13@15c; Western, 11@12c.

HONEY—Jobbing prices, Comb, clear white, 11½@12½c ℔ ℔; do dark to light, dominal; water white, extracted, 7@7½c; light amber do, 6@6½c; dark amber do, nominal.

BEESWAX—24@28c ℔ ℔.

Poultry and Eggs.

POULTRY—Hens, $4 50@5 50 ℔ doz; broilers, $2 0@3 00 for small; $3 00@3 50 for large; fryers, $4 00@5 00; roosters, $6 00@7 00 for young; do old, $4 00@4 50; geese, $1 00 ℔ pair; goslings, $1 00@1 25; ducks, $3 00@3 50 ℔ doz for old and $3 50@5 50 for young; turkeys, alive, 13@15c ℔ ℔; pigeons, $1 25@1 50 ℔ doz for young and $1 50@1 75 for old.

EGGS—California, 11@14c ℔ doz for store; ranch, 17@19 c, some selected being held higher; Eastern, cold storage, 15@16c.

John McGough, convicted of shooting William Ross at an election poll in Troy, N. Y., has been sentenced to prison for nineteen years and six months.

Mutiny exists among the convicts at Tracy, Tenn. They loaded a pipe with explosives and set it off. Deputy Warden Nelson was instantly killed and two guards were wounded.

Two boys were killed by fire damp in an abandoned mine at Streetor, Ills. They went into the hole to get their ball which had been thrown into the mouth of the shaft. Several men were overcome in attempting to rescue the boys.

A cask of gold valued at $50,000, one of forty casks shipped from New York, was stolen from a train between Havre and Paris.

Senator Allen of Nebraska has introduced a gigantic charity relief bill in the senate. It appropriates $50,000,000 to be distributed pro rata among the states for the relief of the worthy poor.

M. B. Williams, one of the deputy assessors of Santa Clara county, has defaulted for the amount of $1,800. Williams has posed as purifier in elections.

The New York Compressed Yeast Company has been seized. It was running an illicit distillery with a capacity of 1,500 gallons a day.

The Catholic Episcopal residence at Milwaukee has been assessed for $403,150. Archbishop Katzer has protested, and will carry the matter into the courts.

A large skiff containing fifteen men was capsized in the river at the foot of Grand avenue, St. Louis. Fourteen of the men were rescued, but William Davidson was drowned.

The Boston Safety Deposit and Trust company has filed an application in the federal court for the removal of H. P. Chesley as receiver of the Union Stockyards company at Sioux city.

In the United States Court at St. Paul, Minn., Dr. James Phillips of Preston, charged with making false pension returns, has been acquitted. This is the fourth acquittal in the so-called Van Luven pension-fraud cases.

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THE BIMEBY TIME.

When the bimeby time comes roun this way,
When the bimeby time comes roun,
There'll be less work an lots more play,
There'll be less hours an lots more pay,
An common men will hev more say,
When the bimeby time comes roun.

When the bimeby time comes roun—
Oh, I long to hear the soun!
So I'm sittin an a-mopin
An a-gropin an a-hopin
Till the bimeby time comes roun.

When the bimeby time once gets in view,
When the bimeby time gets roun,
We'll hev free trade an tariff, too;
Hard times won't trouble me or you,
An Sunday'll last the whole week through,
When the bimeby time comes roun.

When the bimeby time comes roun—
Oh, I long to hear the soun!
So I'm sittin an a-mopin
An a-gropin an a-hopin
Till the bimeby time comes roun.
—Boston Courier.

A Planet Without an Atmosphere.

I believe that it is generally admitted that all of the planets, strictly so called, as well as the sun, possess atmospheres, the moon of our earth being the only one of the celestial hosts without such an ethereal envelope. Our atmosphere is composed of 77 parts by weight of nitrogen and 21 of oxygen, the other 2 per cent being made up of a mixture of carbonic acid, aqueous vapor and ammonia, the latter in very minute quantities. How our earth came to have an atmosphere, when or at what period in the history of the terrestrial sphere it originated, no man can even venture an opinion. The thought uppermost when the headline was attached to this "note" was not concerning the origin of the atmosphere of the planet earth and its constituent parts, but of the moon's strange lack of such a necessity, providing always that there are living men and women on the lunarian plains and mountains, with lungs constructed similar to ours. It is believed (the belief being based upon mere conjecture of course) that our attendant satellite once had an atmosphere, as well as lakes and rivers and oceans, but that all have long since been absorbed by the thousands of square miles of volcanic scoriæ and lavas with which its surface is all but covered.—St. Louis Republic.

Caterpillars.

It is a peculiar idea people have that if they wrap a tree with cotton it will prevent the caterpillars, the most destructive pest we have on trees, from climbing up into the branches and feeding on the leaves. The theory is all very well if the facts were so. That is, if caterpillars climbed up trees in the manner these people say, it would be a good way of keeping them from the leaves. But unfortunately caterpillars do not climb trees. They get there without such endeavor. The butterfly deposits eggs upon the leaves, where in course of time the caterpillar is hatched out. He is born on the leaves, and no amount of cotton tied around the trunk of a tree will get him off them. The only way to rid trees of caterpillars is to spray them with paris green or some poison.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Battlefield Typewriters.

One of the novel features of a recent military tournament in England was the use of the typewriter on the battlefield for the purpose of recording messages from signalers. It is stated that the typewriter operator was also an expert cyclist and had his Remington mounted on the handles of his machine. Riding in and out among the horses and gun carriages, which he did without the slightest mishap, whenever he came to a standstill he instantly braced up the cycle by a handy contrivance and pounded away at the typewriter while in the saddle. The message when completed was sent to the commanding officer in the rear by means of a trained dog.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Moths and Butterflies.

Some moths look very much like butterflies, but there are two ways in which you can always tell the one from the other. Each have little slender feelers growing from the head, but the butterfly's feelers, or "antennæ," as they are called, have knobs on the ends. The antennæ of the moth sometimes have tiny feathers on them and sometimes little spires, but they are never knobbed. Then, too, in alighting the butterfly always holds her wings erect, while the moth's droop or are nearly flat. —Child Garden.

The total expenditure of the British government in connection with the colonies, excluding India, is £2,000,000 a year, mainly for military and naval defense.

The most easily digested meats are cold mutton, mutton chops, venison, tenderloins, sirloins, steak, lamb chops, roast beef, rabbit and chicken.

Portland, Me., is the winter port for all Canada, which sends out and receives over $50,000,000 worth of goods every winter.

Many ancient records have been preserved on bricks, tiles, tablets of various substances and on oyster and other shells.

One bushel, by weight, of sound shelled corn makes 3¾ gallons of "proof spirits," or exactly 3.72 gallons.

It is said that those who eat too much meat are apt to have ringing in the ears.

FUTURE OF THE HORSE.

It Is Foretold That He Will Cease to Be a Beast of Burden.

There was a time when the wiry thoroughbred of English breeding and perhaps the Arabian barb were looked to as the surest means for improving the common stock of horseflesh. Consul General Judd reports from Austria-Hungary that the American trotter is now the favorite breed in use for improving the native blood. If Austria-Hungary cannot do better than to come to America for this purpose, it argues well for the superiority of the trotter.

As a beast of speed the distinctive trotter is an example of modern evolution. It is not many years since a speed of three minutes for a mile was reckoned good at a trotting gait. Now there is hardly a farmer's son in the country that does not own a colt that "can clip a mile in three minutes and not turn a hair," at least so the young man says. A speed of two minutes is not only possible, but probable in the immediate future, and the time may not be far off when the American horse can trot alongside the best Derby runner.

With the constant inroads of machinery on the field of the horse's usefulness a change is coming in the evolution of the animal. Already electricity supplants the old horse cars, and no one is sorry. One need have no sympathy for the overburdened fluid on a hard grade. An electric van for parcel delivery is working in London and is said to be cheaper than horse power. Promises have already been made by our inventors of electric plows, and feasible plans for freight and produce tramways across the country on roads hitherto traversed only by the aid of the horse or mule are suggested. The old fashioned horsepower for running incidental machinery is giving place to the "coming power."

The coming horse is to be less and less a beast of heavy burden. Many places there are where horses will continue to drag heavy loads of a necessity. The handsome draft horse is not yet entirely to be dispensed with. But pleasure driving will continue to give a motive for the improvement of the trotting horse. The bicycle takes the place of a few saddle horses perhaps, but the majority of cyclers care for a horse just as much as before the silent steed came into being. Many of them own a wheel who would not own a horse, but the wheel, even if built for two, is not so agreeable after all as holding the lines behind a glossy coated, lightly stepping horse. Electric motors for carriages are talked of, but they will be expensive for a long time yet, and until their proficiency is somewhat advanced from the present stage a man even with a balky horse would be less helpless in case of accident.

The noble, intelligent horse will not be lost sight of in the advance of civilization. Relief from the heavier duties will leave the more energy for the driving, of which every American citizen of means and leisure is fond. Whatever question there may be as to the morality or advantages of horse racing, the improvement of the trotter has made the animal more serviceable for the legitimate uses of man. If any one believes that the interest in the horse is to give place before the inroads of electricity, let him attend some great "horse convention" and note the attention paid the splendid specimens of endurance and intelligence there on exhibition. —Boston Journal.

Drinking From a Lady's Shoe.

In London a century ago it was no uncommon practice on the part of the "fast men" to drink bumpers to the health of a lady out of her shoe. The Earl of Cork relates an incident of this kind, and to carry the compliment still further he states that the shoe was ordered to be dressed and served up for supper. "The cook set himself seriously to work upon it. He pulled the upper part, which was of fine damask, into fine shreds and tossed it up into a ragout, minced the sole, cut the wooden heel into thin slices, fried them in batter and placed them round the dish for garnish. The company testified their affection for the lady by eating heartily of this exquisite impromptu." Within the last score of years, at a dinner of Irish squires, the health of a beautiful girl, whose feet were as pretty as her face, was drunk in champagne from one of her satin shoes, which an admirer of the lady had contrived to obtain possession of.—Newark News.

Another Kind.

It was about 10:30 p. m. and the young woman was talking to the man in the case.

"What I like in a man," she was saying, "is energy—one that has some go in him."

The young man glanced hastily at the clock, then at the door, then at the girl and got up.

"I beg your pardon," she said, blushing. "You may stay as long as you please. You are the first man that ever understood that statement properly."—Detroit Free Press.

The Convincing Argument.

Young Lady Shopper—This piece of dress goods suits me, except that I do not think the figure in it is pretty.

Subtle Salesman—Ah, but you surely will when it is made up and you have the dress on.—Arkansaw Traveler.

THE WOULD BE SUICIDE.

Got Mad When He Found a Man Offering Him Facilities For Dying.

A good story is told on ex-Alderman Arthur Dixon, although he denies it. Still, the denial is such a half hearted one that it is likely there is a good deal of truth in it.

Dixon had the acquaintance of one of those men who have periodical fits of despondency, during which they claim that life is not worth living, but who always stop just short of making a personal investigation of what comes after it.

This young man invariably sought out Mr. Dixon when he became despondent, told him all his woes and generally ended by announcing that he was going to commit suicide. In the kindness of his heart and possibly because he thought it would be annoying to have to testify at an inquest, Mr. Dixon would cheer him up and persuade him to hang on a while longer.

In time, however, this programme became monotonous from constant repetition, and Mr. Dixon undertook to put a stop to it. The next time the young man announced that he was going to commit suicide Dixon raised no objections.

"Possibly you are right," he said. "I guess it is the best thing you can do. How do you intend to do it?"

"Oh, I might as well jump in the river," returned the despondent man.

It was winter, and the river was covered with ice, but Mr. Dixon was ready with a suggestion.

"I know a place down on the south branch where there are some big holes in the ice," he said pleasantly. "I'll get my buggy, and we'll drive down there."

The fellow wasn't as enthusiastic now, but he raised no objection, and Mr. Dixon got his buggy. He was cheerful and jolly during the drive, but the would be suicide was inclined to be thoughtful. Down among a lot of coal yards Mr. Dixon jumped out.

"Here we are," he said as he pulled an ax out from under the buggy seat.

"What's that for?" asked the young man.

"Oh, I was afraid we might not be able to find a hole that was big enough, and I didn't want to take any chances," explained Mr. Dixon. Then he got out a heavy weight with a cord fastened to it and a long piece of rope and started out on the ice.

"What's that weight for?" asked the despondent man as he followed slowly.

"That's to tie your legs so that there can't be any mistake," returned Dixon.

"And the rope?"

"To tie around your body so that I can pull you out after it's all over. Your friends would never forgive me if I didn't take your body home."

The young man stopped short.

"Look here, Dixon!" he exclaimed. "Are you mean enough to stand by and see me drown?"

"Why, I'm your friend, and I want to do what I can to help you," said Dixon pleasantly.

"And you'll really do it?"

"Certainly."

"Then I'll be —— if I'll give you that much satisfaction. I'm going home."

They drove back in silence, but the young man was cured. He has never talked of suicide since.—Chicago Post.

A Bad Lead.

Miss Esmerelda Longcoffin has been very much disgusted at the slowness and hesitancy of Gus de Smith in proposing matrimony. He has been paying her marked attention for some time past and is a fluent talker on every subject except that one.

They were eating ice cream at a popular ice creamery on Third avenue, and Gus undertook to ask Miss Esmerelda if he might hope to see her at church on the ensuing Lord's day. He said:

"Miss Esmerelda."

"Yes, sir," interrupted Esmerelda.

"May I"——

"Oh, yes! Certainly you may," she again interrupted him, with animation.

"May I hope to"——

"You had better speak to pa about it," said she, trembling.

"Speak to pa?" he asked, tearing open his eyes with astonishment.

"Yes, speak to pa."

"About what shall I speak to him?" exclaimed Gus roughly.

There was a painful pause, and Miss Esmerelda went to work on her ice cream with a vindictiveness and energy that were truly phenomenal. —Philadelphia Times.

By a Different Route.

Little Dick—Miss Antique is most 40 years old.

Mother—I told you to stop asking ladies their ages.

"I didn't."

"Then how do you know she is nearly 40?"

"I asked her how many times she had seen the 17 year locusts."—Good News.

Vox Populi.

Johnnie—Say, mamma, what does "vox populi" mean?

Mamma—It means the voice of the people.

Johnnie—Then, if you wanted to speak of the voice of only one man, would you say "vox populiar?"—Detroit Free Press.

DINNER THAT COST $700 A PLATE.

Eaten In a Gambling House and Followed by a Turn at Faro.

"History of the cuisine fairly teems with descriptions of costly meals," remarked Louis Davies of Brooklyn. "We read how that profligate Heliogabalus, the Roman emperor, had a single dish on his table once that cost $200,000, and how another Roman, Aelius Verus, gave a supper to a dozen cronies that cost a quarter of a million dollars. Then Vitellius, still another Roman and an emperor likewise, entertained his brother at a little snack that used up a couple of hundred thousand, but these were ancient fellows, who had nightingales' tongues and humming birds' brains and similar marvelous dainties.

"Coming down to modern days and plain, ordinary, everyday ham and eggs, I ate a supper once in this very town that cost a friend of mine $1,400. A gentleman named Parker kept an establishment devoted to entertaining gentlemen at sundry games of chance. One night the friend I speak of and myself were killing an evening here together, when we conceived the brilliant idea that a visit to Parker's would be just the thing. We put it into execution at once. I have never gambled in my life, and my friend has never done it since. We went up stairs and entered the room just as supper was announced.

"My friend did not want to eat anything, but I was hungry, and when some plausible rascal of a dealer told me that there was broiled Smithfield ham, flanked with pullets' eggs as a sort of side issue to the otherwise gorgeous feast. I broke for the supper room, despite my companion's pleadings. Of course he followed me when he found his protestations were useless, and we enjoyed the feed immensely. When we came out, my friend pulled out a $20 bill and said he would play a turn or two to pay for our supper. I begged him in turn not to do it, but he was as obdurate as I had been. But why linger on the misery? He lost his $20 bill and tried to get it back. In two hours $1,400 were gone glimmering. I have never felt so downright hungry since that a slight request from a mere acquaintance cannot keep me away from a deadhead feed."—Washington Star.

Electricity and Spiritualism.

There is not the least evidence to show that electricity is employed at spiritualistic seances. On the contrary, there is every evidence against its presence. The most delicate instrument for the detection of that force, which would show its presence when so light as scarcely to affect a thistledown, is unaffected. The table, however violently moved, is not electrically excited, and the medium, writing or entranced, gives no indication of the force. It would be impossible for the human organism, constituted as it is, to generate an electric current.

Hence all the theories of spiritual phenomena, taking electricity as the cause, are untenable. That spiritual beings have any more direct connection with that force than mortals is also a groundless supposition. It has been said their celestial bodies were formed of electricity, as though it was a material substance, while it is without the least substance, being a force like heat or light.

Electricity can play no more important part in the spirit spheres than on earth, and in reality it belongs as an expression of force to this material sphere, and in the spirit world is represented by far swifter and more powerful form of energy, as the celestial substance of that world is more sublimated and refined.—Professor Hudson Tuttle.

How Kings Feed.

In the courts of Berlin, Stuttgart, Rome, Lisbon, Stockholm, Munich and Dresden the table is run on what may be called the hotel system. That is to say, the principal chef is allowed so much per head per diem for all the members of the family and for those of the household who are of gentle birth, and another fixed sum per diem and per head is allowed for each person of menial station. The price for food of the sovereigns, their families and guests averages about $8 a day, while the sum allowed for servants is about $1.25. When it is borne in mind that the number of persons fed at these rates often reaches as many as 500 in a single day, the possible profit of a chef's commission can be imagined. In this price wine is not included, and as the profits in this are even greater than from the food many of the masters of the royal kitchens of Europe are richer than the average guests of their sovereigns.—New York Advertiser.

The Best Plan.

"No, it's no use kicking or lamenting. If anything disagreeable happens, just keep still about it. Just say nothing. That's the best plan."

"Yes, but suppose it's a woman who's in hard luck?"

"Oh, in that case, say as little about it as possible. Don't talk about it more'n two weeks anyhow."—New York Recorder.

The Resources of Modern Science.

Waiter at the Hotel—Is there anything else I can get you, sir?

Guest—Yes, go and fetch me a charge of dynamite to blow up this beefsteak.—Meggendorfer's Blatter.

MANY HISTORIC TREES.

Those That Grace the Avenues of the National Capital.

Among the 75,000 trees which the Capital City of the nation is so proud of and which go so far toward making it the beautiful place it is, are a number of historic trees planted either by famous personages or to commemorate special events. The oldest and the one which always attracts the attention of those tourists who chance to know about it is the magnificent elm in the capitol park, opposite the senate entrance.

It is about 100 feet high and is covered with a fine growth of ivy. This tree and another of the same variety, but now dead, were planted a century ago by the first president, and the one now standing is called the "Washington elm." Occupying relatively the same position in the park, but facing the house entrance, is the "Cameron elm," not because the distinguished Pennsylvanian planted it, but because he pleaded so eloquently for its life when threatened. In the spring of 1892 President Harrison set out two fig trees in the ground south of the executive mansion, and both are doing well, though one has outstripped the other by two feet.

A fine sycamore or plane tree, which stands not far from the Lincoln monument in the park of the same name on Capitol hill, is known as the "Thaddeus Stevens tree." The great Pennsylvanian planted it in the stormy days of 1862 in the Botanical gardens, but so often were the grounds overflowed by a quiet appearing little stream rejoicing in the classic name of Tiber that the tree did not flourish, and in 1870 it was removed to its present location, where it has reached an altitude of nearly 100 feet. The largest and most famous collection of trees, and not behind any in beauty, is the historic grove in the Botanical gardens, under the care of Mr. William R. Smith, the superintendent. Mr. Smith has been in charge since the administration of Fillmore, a period so long as to permit him to see the growth of his pets from childhood to adolescence, if not maturity.

Philadelphia is represented by two splendid cypresses, brought over from the Quaker City by Edwin Forrest, the great tragedian, and John W. Forney, the journalist. Not far from these stands the Albert Pike tree, a cassia, planted by General Pike when occupying the highest position in the Masonic order. A great oak, set out in 1862 by John C. Crittenden of Kentucky, is a superb specimen of the family of trees to which it belongs. There are the Morrill trees, planted respectively by the senators from Maine and Vermont; the Hoar and Vance trees; the Holman tree, set out by the Indiana member more than a quarter of a century ago; the Bayard tree, an oak planted by Mr. Bayard when secretary of state, and, most curious of all, the little six foot high Chinese oak, rejoicing in the triple name of Confucius-Dana-Cummings. The acorn from which it came was picked up on the grave of the great philosopher, sent by a friend to Mr. Charles A. Dana, and raised by his gardener at his place on Long Island, and planted by Representative Amos J. Cummings.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Theory of American Storms.

Professor Colbert explains the origin of great storms that move across our country from the Rocky mountains to the Atlantic seaboard on this theory:

The moist air from the Pacific, driven up the west slope of the Rockies by the rotation of the earth, is suddenly deprived of its moisture in the cooler altitude. This drying of the air causes a change in specific gravity, and the disturbance produced at once results in a slight rotary current. The revolving mass of air moves onward toward the east, its motion and size constantly increased by the sucking in of warm south winds on its forward edge. These currents from the south drop their moisture from contact with the colder revolving storm, and the sudden lightening of the air by the dropping of its moisture works like a stream on a mill wheel.

Thus the real causes of our great storms lie in the conditions met by these traveling whirlwinds in their regular journey across the country. If they are cold enough and meet with enough moist, hot air in their course, they are set spinning with a velocity that makes a cyclonic storm. —Chicago Journal.

A Curious Blunder.

A curious blunder has been brought to light in the staid, classical city of Boston. The new public library building had chiseled upon its granite cornices and surrounding facade a long list of noted inventors. Among the list the name of James Watt, the father of the steam engine, was to have been placed, but imagine the consternation of the Bostonians upon the discovery that Isaac Watts, the great English hymn writer, had been given the place intended for James. —Philadelphia Record.

Homelike.

Papa—Are you sure that you and mamma thought of me while you were away?

Little Grace—Yes. We heard a man just scolding awful about his breakfast, and mamma said that's just like papa.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

SELECTED AN ENEMY AS PROXY.

A Confederate Sentinel Puts a Prisoner on Guard While He Goes Courting.

"A funny war incident occurred down there," said Mr. John W. Woodruff, pointing downward from the Forsyth street bridge to the track running between the bridge and the National hotel.

"When Forrest captured Colonel Straight's raiders at Rome, they were brought to Atlanta in box cars and were switched off on that track. As Forrest's men had to return to Rome, a detail from Major Leyden's artillery, then in camp here, was sent down to guard the prisoners. I was a member of the company, and the facts of the case are fresh in my recollection yet. The doors on one side of the cars remained locked, and the doors on the other side were open. In front of each of these doors one of Leyden's men stood on guard.

"Everything went along smoothly until the relief came around after dark. The officer in charge of the relief squad found to his astonishment that one of the cars was guarded by a Yankee with a musket.

"Hello! What does this mean?" asked the officer.

"'Oh, it's all right,' replied the Yankee. 'The young man on duty here wanted to go to see his girl, and he promised me his rations if I would take his place till he came back.'

"We took Mr. Yank's musket from him and made him enter the car and stationed one of our men at the door. The fellow had told the truth, as we found out when the absent guard returned. The youngster was fresh and knew nothing about soldiering. He saw no harm in slipping off to see his girl, and, as luck would have it, he had picked out a prisoner who was a man of his word.

"Our comrade would have been severely punished if his case had been reported, but the boys enjoyed the joke so much that they kept it from Major Leyden until it was safe to let it be known.

"Wouldn't that Yankee and his friend, the Confederate, have a jolly time if they could meet at some reunion of the blue and the gray? If they are both living, they ought to get together."—Atlanta Constitution.

Interesting Whist Play.

One of the best whist players in Rochester sends to us the hands played by him and his friends at a recent sitting. North dealt and turned the king of spades, and the hands were as follows:

East—Spades, 5 and 4; diamonds, a., k., kn., 4 and 3, hearts, a., k., 6, 5 and 2; clubs, a.

South—Spades, 9 and 8; diamonds, 10, 6 and 5; hearts, kn., 10 and 9; clubs, q., kn., 7, 6 and 4.

West—Spades, A and 3; diamonds, 7 and 2; hearts, 8, 7, 4 and 3; clubs, 9, 8, 5, 3 and 2.

North—Spades, k., q., kn., 10, 7, 6 and 2; diamonds, q., 9 and 8; hearts, q.; clubs, k. and 10.

The score was six apiece, and as North arranged his cards he felt sure of winning the game. He had seven trumps—and they were not "mostly small"—and he had a chance of trick in both clubs and diamonds. But, as a matter of fact, he failed to get even the odd, owing to the skillful play of his opponents.

East took four tricks in succession by leading the king of diamonds, king of hearts, ace of clubs and ace of diamonds. Then he led a small diamond, which his partner trumped, and the partner, being alive to the situation, led back a small club, which East trumped, returning another diamond, upon which West put his ace of trumps, while North was obliged to throw away a trump then, the odd having been scored against him and the game gone. North, in much disgust, flung down his six good trumps, with sundry remarks not for publication.—Rochester Post-Express.

Sherman's Humor.

It was a common thing for General Sherman to stop his horse and speak words of encouragement or praise to some subordinate officer or private soldier struggling at the roadside. He had his humorous side with them too. When the army reached Goldsborough, half the men were in rags. One day a division was ordered to march past him in review. The men were bare legged and ragged, some of them almost hatless.

"Only look at the poor fellows with their bare legs," said an officer at the general's side sympathizingly.

"Splendid legs," cried the general, with a twinkle in his eye, "splendid legs. Would give both of mine for any one of them."—McClure's Magazine.

A Case In Point.

Of Sergeant Arabin, who had not a clear method of speech, it is related that he said to one criminal, "Prisoner at the bar, if ever there was a clearer case than this of a man robbing his master, this case is that case." At another time he said, "Prisoner at the bar, you have been found guilty on several indictments, and it is in my power to subject you to transportation for a period very considerably beyond the term of your natural life, but the court, in its mercy, will not go so far as it lawfully might go, and the sentence is that you be transported for two periods of seven years each."—London Globe.

Useless.

George—Amelia, dear, do you believe that love is blind?

Amelia—Yes, George, darling.

George—Then, dear, I do not see any need of keeping the gas burning. —Harvard Lampoon.

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THE PUZ

No. 191.—Numerical Er
29, 13, 8, 31, 18, 12, 23, 36, said
be the oldest city in existence.
26, 35, 1, 34, 19, 34, became a
—24, 21, 27, 2, 3, 32, 5, 1, 146 yea
Christian era.
24, 1, 22, 3, 5, 4, 1, 18, during
commenced the "golden age o
quence and literature."
5, 31, 29, 7, 9, 18, introduced
Greece.
31, 35, 3, 18, 14, 20, 25, 4, 1
Grecian philosopher.
11, 28, 33, 15, 19, a Grecian or
tecture.
4, 1, 16, 17, 3, 29, 31, 18, leade
tans when they were defeated
row defile of Thermopylæ" by
under Xerxes, who was at the
greatest army the world has e

No. 192.—A Fish Pa
1. The declaration that I dra
2. What a lady prizes high
betrothed.
3. A sharp lance.
4. An animal and what he b
a wolf catches him.
5. Possessed and a place for
6. A fish whose name implie
7. Something found in the h
8. A sullen look.
9. Assistance.

No. 193.—Transpositi
A culprit who had ——
laws of the land and had
crimes, been convicted of
was sentenced to spend the
his days in prison. He laid a
he hoped to escape, but the
discovered the evidences of
—— in his cell, and the plan
frustrated. The culprit was
for 30 days as a —— for his b

No. 194.—Charad
When Mr. Q. first came
Upon the WHOLE he rod
There in the best societ
He took up his abode.

But gradually he "peter
To use the street lore pl
And on a down hill SECON
As passed the fleeting

At length his townsfolk
That he must be "disp
And when their orders w
He rode upon a FIRST.

No. 195.—Pictorial Ac

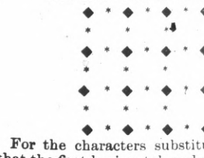
If the first letters of the nam
jects represented above be pl
proper order, a word mean
threads" will be formed.

No. 196.—Riddle.
I should be sharp if I am
If dull, I'm cast aside;
By boys and girls I'm m
And yet I am their pri
A part of me is made of
And part in earth is fo
And both together firml
Are sent the whole wo

No. 197.—Progressive E
O O O — O O — O O O O
1 is "an article." 1, 2, 3, "I
an exclamation. 6, 7, 8, 9, 10
for public worship. 8, 9, 10, an
11, 12, an English measure. 13
The whole is a city in which
Bavaria was crowned king of G
ty-five emperors have been cro
city. There are traces of its
early as the time of Cæsar.

No. 198.—A Poultry Pr
I bought some fowls the oth
One hundred dollars did I p
Each turkey did five dollar
Each goose did bring but h
While chickens, if it must b
For ten cents each were fre
One hundred fowls in all h
Of each how many did I bu

No. 199.—Checkered S



For the characters substit
that the first horizontal and
read across and downward,
word meaning a sentry sta
outskirts of a camp; the sec
zontal and vertical lines, a w
striped; the third full horizon
cal lines, the name of a ri
America; the fourth full horiz
tical line, a creature found in

No. 200.—Hidden Crea
1. Have you been to church
2. May I go to play, mother
3. She was put into her roo
ishment.
4. There was luggage in the
5. The gardener has nailed
to the wall.

What Is It?
Mention the name of an obj
two heads, one tail, four leg
and two on the other. A lady

Key to the Puzzle
No. 185.—A Patriotic Acrost
July.
No. 186.—The Upright Cork
required.
No. 187.—Rhomboids:
PARIS TIBE
TURIN NAT
MILAN NO
SEVER N
XEBEC
No. 188.—A Complete Chang
Wagonet.
No. 189.—Hidden Proverb:
stools you will fall to the grou
No. 190.—Central Deletions:
b-ar, Fa-r-ce, Ha-s-te, Le-a-st.

THE PUZZLER

No. 191.—Numerical Enigma.

29, 13, 8, 31, 18, 12, 23, 36, said by some to be the oldest city in existence.

26, 35, 1, 34, 19, 34, became a 35, 6, 30, 31, 10—24, 21, 27, 2, 3, 32, 5, 1, 146 years before the Christian era.

24, 1, 22, 3, 5, 4, 1, 18, during whose reign commenced the "golden age of Grecian eloquence and literature."

5, 31, 29, 7, 9, 18, introduced letters into Greece.

31, 35, 3, 18, 14, 20, 25, 4, 1, a celebrated Grecian philosopher.

11, 28, 33, 15, 19, a Grecian order of architecture.

4, 1, 16, 17, 3, 29, 31, 18, leader of the Spartans when they were defeated at the "narrow defile of Thermopylæ" by the Persians under Xerxes, who was at the head of the greatest army the world has ever seen.

No. 192.—A Fish Pond.

1. The declaration that I drag a cask.
2. What a lady prizes highly after she is betrothed.
3. A sharp lance.
4. An animal and what he becomes when a wolf catches him.
5. Possessed and a place for boats.
6. A fish whose name implies reproof.
7. Something found in the henhouse.
8. A sullen look.
9. Assistance.

No. 193.—Transpositions.

A culprit who had —— against the laws of the land and had, among other crimes, been convicted of manslaughter was sentenced to spend the remainder of his days in prison. He laid a plan by which he hoped to escape, but the trusty —— discovered the evidences of his plan in a —— in his cell, and the plan was thereby frustrated. The culprit was put in irons for 30 days as a —— for his behavior.

No. 194.—Charade.

When Mr. Q. first came to town,
Upon the WHOLE he rode.
There in the best society
He took up his abode.

But gradually he "petered out,"
To use the street lore phrase,
And on a down hill SECOND rode
As passed the fleeting days.

At length his townsfolk firm ordained
That he must be "dispersed,"
And when their orders were fulfilled
He rode upon a FIRST.

No. 195.—Pictorial Acrostic.

If the first letters of the names of the objects represented above be placed in their proper order, a word meaning "slender threads" will be formed.

No. 196.—Riddle.

I should be sharp if I am used;
If dull, I'm cast aside;
By boys and girls I'm much abused,
And yet I am their pride.
A part of me is made of wood,
And part in earth is found,
And both together firmly glued
Are sent the whole world round.

No. 197.—Progressive Enigma.

○ ○ ○ — ○ ○ — ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○

1 is "an article." 1, 2, 3, "I excel." 4, 5, an exclamation. 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, a house for public worship. 8, 9, 10, an animal. 10, 11, 12, an English measure. 13, a vowel.

The whole is a city in which the Duke of Bavaria was crowned king of Germany. Fifty-five emperors have been crowned in this city. There are traces of its existence as early as the time of Cæsar.

No. 198.—A Poultry Problem.

I bought some fowls the other day.
One hundred dollars did I pay.
Each turkey did five dollars touch;
Each goose did bring but half as much,
While chickens, if it must be told,
For ten cents each were freely sold.
One hundred fowls in all had I.
Of each how many did I buy?

No. 199.—Checkered Square.

◆ * ◆ * ◆ * ◆
* * * *
◆ * ◆ * ◆ * ◆
* * * *
◆ * ◆ * ◆ * ◆
* * * *
◆ * ◆ * ◆ * ◆

For the characters substitute letters, so that the first horizontal and vertical lines, read across and downward, will form a word meaning a sentry stationed on the outskirts of a camp; the second full horizontal and vertical lines, a word meaning striped; the third full horizontal and vertical lines, the name of a river in South America; the fourth full horizontal and vertical line, a creature found in every pond.

No. 200.—Hidden Creatures.

1. Have you been to church this morning?
2. May I go to play, mother dear?
3. She was put into her room as a punishment.
4. There was luggage in the train.
5. The gardener has nailed the rose tree to the wall.

What Is It?

Mention the name of an object which has two heads, one tail, four legs on one side and two on the other. A lady on horseback.

Key to the Puzzler.

No. 185.—A Patriotic Acrostic: Fourth of July.

No. 186.—The Upright Corks: No answer required.

No. 187.—Rhomboids:

PARIS TIBER
TURIN NATAL
MILAN NOVEL
SEVER NEVER
XEBEC NITER

No. 188.—A Complete Change. Tea Gown. Wagonet.

No. 189.—Hidden Proverb: Between two stools you will fall to the ground.

No. 190.—Central Deletions: Ca-b-in, De-b-ar, Fa-r-ce, Ha-s-te, Le-a-st.

Fighting a Water Hose Duel.

The hot weather duel in the alley was a wet circus. Two groups of newsboys got hold of two lines of hose and tackled each other with the streams. As fast as one fellow was drowned out another fellow took the butt. There was no wild squirting done. Each fellow that held the hose had to take it. Tenderfoot Dick held out well, but getting it in his face he stooped forward and turned his face sideways. This gave Swipsey a good chance to direct his stream so as to make the water pour down Tenderfoot's back inside his shirt until it filled his pants, when Tenderfoot shuddered and let go. Small Smith grabbed his stream and took Swipsey between the eyes. And so they changed from one to another until nearly the whole crew was as wet as rats in a sewer, hair sticking out endways and shirts and pants clinging to the little bodies. It was a well fought duel, and they had only to stand in the sun a few minutes to get dry again, as the day was an especially warm one.—Detroit News.

New Fad In Diet.

Vegetarians are outdone by a new diet reform prophet, who advocates the eating of natural uncooked foods. His name is Macdonald, and he seems to have gained a small number of adherents in Paris. It is a part of the system he advocates never to eat or drink anything but vegetable foods and natural liquids, precisely in the state in which they are found in nature. Hot drinks of all kinds are specially condemned, although it is not quite easy to see how the use of water from natural hot springs would run counter to the principle laid down. Carrots and turnips, beans and potatoes, we must eat raw, it seems, if we value our health, and fruit we must eat just as nature gives it to us. Whether this means that we must not peel an apple is not stated. Mr. Macdonald himself eats raw oatmeal (not oats), which, as a Scotchman, he thinks not only extremely nourishing, but palatable as well.—London Daily News.

A Dramatic Scene.

A dramatic but solemn scene was witnessed at the dedication of a church in Utica, N. Y., a short time ago. Deacon John Schermerhorn, 77 years old, had taken great interest in raising funds for building the new edifice. He was one of the trustees of the church, and at the close of the services the pastor urged him to make a few remarks. He sang two verses of a hymn and closed thus: "I have prayed for this place a great many times. Now I see my prayer answered. Lord, let now thy servant depart in peace. Lord, Jesus, you kown it is all right between thee and me." As he finished the sentence Mr. Schermerhorn dropped and immediately expired. Of course there was intense excitement in the congregation over this remarkable answer to prayer for release from life.

Blue Back Salmon For Canning.

The run of blue back salmon in the Columbia this season is almost unprecedented. One cannery down the river, where they are packing in large quantities, became overstocked recently, and 13½ tons of spoiled fish had to be thrown away. The run of chinook is only fair and not up to former years. In former times blue backs were never recognized as fish fit for the table, and fishermen, when they caught them in their nets, usually threw them back into the stream. Now the blue back is a staple product of the cannery.—Portland Oregonian.

A Mosquito Yarn.

The biggest mosquito story of the season comes from a Maine man who says that when he approached his summer cottage the other day he noticed, or he thought he did, that somebody had taken the liberty of painting his door over, but before he had found words suitable for the occasion his wrath turned to dismay on discovering that the change of color was due to the mosquitoes, who were waiting for him to come and let them in.—Lewiston Journal.

Translation Under Difficulties.

An interesting piece of translation is that of the Russian liturgy into the dilect of the Yakuts of northeastern Siberia, which has just been accomplished by some Russian scholars. The language of the Yakuts is so poor that it can only reckon a total of 200 root words. They have no word for "body" as distinguished from "flesh" and none for "bread." The Lord's Prayer even could not be translated literally.

Convenience In France.

The Paris-Lyons railway has just adopted a trifling innovation which American railroads might copy. They have established telegraph boards at the principal stations on which dispatches for passengers or for persons awaiting the arrival of passengers are posted. A traveler who misses a train can wire, in the care of the station master, to the person awaiting his arrival at his destination.

A Presbyterian Administration.

This is a Presbyterian administration. The Lamonts, Stevensons, Greshams and Smiths go to Rev. Dr. Bartlett's church on New York avenue. The Thurbers go with the Clevelands to Dr. Sunderland's on Four and a Half street. The Lamonts are particularly rigid Calvinists. Nevertheless the secretary of war himself does not go to church from one year's end to the other.—Washington Letter.

Scissors Grinder on a Bicycle.

A novel sight here just now is a scissors grinder who has all the machinery required in his line of business fastened to the handle bars of a bicycle. This enterprising grinder goes from town to town on his wheel, stopping at farmhouses along the route to sharpen knives and scissors, and he does no little amount of business along the way and in each town.—Saratoga Dispatch.

HUMOR

NO ENCOURAGEMENT.

And So the Man Who Left Buffalo Moved On.

"My dear man," he began as he stopped a policeman on the Campus Martius the midnight the other night, "I want to ask a great favor of you—a great favor."

"Well, sir?" was the curt reply.

"I left Buffalo for Chicago the other day. I have many reasons for believing that I have arrived in Chicago, but yet a perfidious doubt insists on entering my mind. Now, then, can you see your way clear to telling me whether I am in Chicago or not?"

"Of course you are not. You are in Detroit!"

"In Detroit? That is a town about half way between Buffalo and Chicago, is it not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Sometimes called the City of Straits?"

"Yes, sir."

"Because it is a town of straight people?"

"What do you want?" queried the officer, leaving the question to take care of itself.

"Queer—very queer! I start from Buffalo for Chicago, and I find myself in Detroit. I walk around town for three hours hunting for my friend Doboy of the police force, and, not finding him, a perfidious doubt begins to develop itself. I approach you and ask for information, and I find that Chicago and Doboy are still 280 miles farther toward the setting sun. I can't make it out. Can you?"

"No, sir!" stiffly replied the officer.

"Would you call it a case of absent-mindedness?"

"It might be that."

"Or could I have suddenly lost my identity? People do suddenly lose their identity, you know."

"I expect they do."

"Hold! Could I have been in that condition known as inebriated?" anxiously asked the stranger.

"Very likely!" grimly replied the officer. "Is that all you want to know?"

"About all. Stay a moment, however. I spoke of Doboy. He has implicit confidence in me. Should I ask him for a dime with which to"——

"Move on, sir!" interrupted the officer.

"Toward Chicago?"

"Yes, sir, move on!"

"Move on toward Chicago because of Doboy and that dime?"

"Exactly! Move on, or I'll run you in!"

"Very well. I move. I move toward Chicago. I decrease the distance between myself and Doboy. When I finally reach him I shall murmur: "Doboy, old man, beware of Detroit, the city of the crooked! Beware of a big, overgrown, hard hearted, avaricious, wabbled kneed, red eyed"——

The officer rushed for him, but his club only beat against a soft, damp shadow of the night.—Detroit Free Press.

An Adult.

A man went into a restaurant the other day and took a seat on a stool. He looked at the bill of fare a minute and then beckoned to the waiter. "Hay," he said, "gimme some veal."

"What's that, sir?" asked the waiter as he brushed a lot of crumbs into the man's lap and handed him a glass of water in which his thumb was immersed beyond the first joint.

"Gimme some veal."

"Veal?"

"Yes, veal."

The waiter wandered off to the kitchen and held an animated conversation with the cook. Pretty soon he came back and put a plate of dark red meat in front of the customer and began to pay close attention to the electric fan.

The customer turned the meat over curiously with his fork. He inspected it on both sides. Then he said, "Hay, waiter, come here!"

The waiter walked over and leaned on the counter.

"I asked for veal," said the customer inquiringly.

"Yes."

"This hain't veal. It's roast beef."

"Roast beef?" repeated the waiter in great astonishment.

"Yes, roast beef."

The waiter turned to walk away. "Well," he said, "what's roast beef but veal in its second childhood? You gimme a pain."—Buffalo Express.

A Professional.

Kitty—Just think, Will Lover has been engaged five times this year!

Tom—If he doesn't look out, he'll lose his amateur standing.—Brooklyn Life.

None at All.

The Poet—You see, I don't want it known that I am a poet.

She—But that is no reason why you shouldn't sign your name to it.—Life.

Just the Thing.

Rimester—I don't seem to understand this poem I have just finished myself.

Reeder—Send it to the magazines.—Truth.

Demanding His Rights.

"Prisoner," said the judge, "have you any counsel?"

"I haven't, your honor," answered the man on trial for stealing a ham. "I haven't got any money."

"Then the court will appoint Mr. Leggy to defend you."

The prisoner looked at the skinny, squint eyed, stoop shouldered pettifogger pointed out by the court and rose to enter a protest.

"Judge," he said, "I'm entitled, accordin to law, to a trial by a jury of my peers, ain't I?"

"You are," replied the court.

"Then, your honor," rejoined the prisoner, drawing a shiny coat sleeve across his nose, "I think I ort to have a lawyer of the same kind."—Chicago Tribune.

A Miss.

I.

II.

—Fliegende Blatter.

Spelling Her Strong Point.

"How's little Celia getting on at school?" inquired a visitor of Mrs. Murphy. "Is she making progress with her studies?"

"Faith, mum, an she is, thin," responded Mrs. Murphy, with her arms akimbo. "The way thot choild skips ahead jist beats all, mum. Now, there's spelling—'twas only last noight her fayther was afther wroitin a letter to the man he's goin to wurrk for next week, an he says to Cely, says he, 'How do you spell aythe?' says he, 'Is it a-y-t-h-e-r, or is it a-y-t-h-u-r?'

"An Cely, she says, 'Wait till Oi git me book, fayther, for it's meself is away past thim little wurrds, over amoongst the foor an five syl'bles,' says she.

"An she brought her book an showed her fayther an me where she was studyin the noight, an, thruly, there she was at page siventy-wan, an all the little wurrds way behind her.

"Oi misthrust mebbe spellin is her sthrong p'int," said Mrs. Murphy, modestly. "Av course it w'u'dn't be in nater for the choild to go l'aping along loike that wid all her studies. It was aboove half an hour, mum, before she an her fayther found the wurrd they was huntin for, way back among the first twinty pages, mum. An there was our little Cely studyin at page siventy-wan!"—Boston Journal.

Time to Stop.

Under the machinery of the law as at present administered a lawyer has great advantages over a witness. Recognition of this fact is probably the reason why people always enjoy seeing a witness get the better of his examiner.

An exchange reports a case in which the plaintiff had testified that his financial position had always been good. The opposing counsel took him in hand for cross examination and undertook to break down his testimony upon this point.

"Have you ever been bankrupt?" asked the lawyer.

"I have not," was the answer.

"Now, be careful. Did you ever stop payment?"

"Yes."

"Ah, I thought we should get at it finally. When did that happen?"

"After I had paid all I owed."—Youth's Companion.

Intensely Occupied.

"Don't bothah me, please," said Chawles to a friend who had addressed him. "I cawn't answer any questions. Weally I'm getting bwain fag as it is."

"What's the matter?"

"My doctah awsked me yesterday how many cigawettes I smoked in a day, and I'm busy counting them for him."—Washington Star.

Not to Be Fooled.

Domestic—Where shall I take this prescription, mum?

Mrs. Sharpeye—Anywhere except to Pillbox & Co.'s. Their goods are not fresh. I bought a postage stamp of them yesterday, and it was last year's issue.—New York Weekly.

At the Colored Poker Club Ball.

Master of Ceremonies—Whar am youah escort, Miss Snowball?

Miss Snowball—He am gone home, but I specks him back every minute. He dun forget his razor.—New York Press.

BREVITIES

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

The Prince of Wales has 17 brothers-in-law, 16 uncles, 57 cousins and 58 nephews and nieces.

Senator Walsh of Georgia is doing everything in his power to enlist general interest in the Atlanta exposition of 1895.

General G. W. Custis Lee has presented to the Washington and Lee university the piano that belonged to his father, General Robert E. Lee.

Mr. White of Greenwood county, Kan., has a daughter named Snow. That is as bad as Mr. Button of Fort Scott, who has a daughter named Pearl.

William R. Smith, superintendent of the botanical gardens of Washington, has, it is said, directed the planting of over 6,000,000 trees in the United States.

"To meet my son-in-law, the earl," is the very high and lofty reading on the notes of invitation received by the Bradley-Martin contingent who receive invitations to house parties at Balmacan.

Miss Sophie A. Nordhoff, a former student of medicine at Washington, according to foreign papers, has been appointed a physician at the famous woman's clinic of Professor von Winkel in Munich.

Jean Jacques Sebatier, aged 102; Victor Baillod and Jean Bousset, each 101, and Joseph Rose, aged 100, are believed by a French newspaper that has made the inquiry to be the only survivors of Napoleon's grand army.

Mrs. Mary Greene, who celebrated her one hundred and second birthday a few days ago at Swampton, R. I., has lived for over 75 years in her present home, which is within two miles of the house in which she was born.

Dr. C. H. S. Davis of Meriden, Conn., is said to have one of the finest libraries in the state of Connecticut. Dr. Davis is the editor of Biblia, a monthly journal of Biblical and archæological literature, and a joint editor of Ancient Egypt.

Lady and Lord Terence Blackwood have an income of only about $15,000—not a large sum for milord and milady. The great part of this comes from the settlement made upon his daughter by Mr. Davis, as Lord Terence had only about $1,500 a year of his own.

BOOKMAKING.

Types for the Greek alphabet were fist cast by Aldus in 1476.

The first Bible printed with a date was finished by Faust in 1462.

Tpyesetting machines were suggested for book work as early as 1842.

Vellum first came into use as a material for bookbinding about 1510.

The library of Gottingen has a Bible written on palm leaves. There are 5,373 pages, each made of a single leaf.

Earthenware bricks or tiles with chararcters engraved or stamped on them were undoubtedly the first books.

The first known example of bookbinding in boards in the modern style was a Latin psalter in the ninth century.

Some of the early printed books, in order to imitate manuscripts, had the initials and borders painted by hand.

Roman books were often composed of a number of pages of wood strung together with a cord passed through a hole in the corner of each block.

Parchment was in occasional use from the earliest times, came into general use about 200 B. C., and continued until the invention of printing.

All the English kings, from Henry I to Edward VI, took the coronation oath on a manuscript copy of the four evangelists bound in oak boards an inch thick. This book was made in 1100.

Book sewing machines, to do the work of fastening together the sheets of which a book is composed, were introduced in 1872. Before that time all books were sewed by hand. The book sewing machine reduced the cost about one-half.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THE FASHION PLATE.

Double skirts are seen on some of the new costumes.

New parasols are made of insertion and silk, with very full ruffles.

Elbow sleeves are growing more popular, and we are threatened with a visitation of the short sleeve mania.

Striped flannel is used for bathing suits, and plain flannel in white, blue or red is trimmed with very wide white braid.

A striking costume is made of putty colored cloth. The skirt is cut in little buttonhole slits, and cardinal or ruby velvet is threaded in and out.

Large buttons are worn if one fancies them. Indeed one may wear almost anything that suits one's particular figure or face, provided it is natty, stylish and becoming.

Pointed waists are growing in favor, and many of them have soft folds of the material or of some contrasting fabric around the lower edge of the bodice, with a bow, buckle or rosette to finish the point in front.

The figaro jacket of embroidery or lace is worn with dresses of all sorts. A modification of this style, which really amounts to a trimming, shows the jacket fronts with sections of the material merely meeting over the shoulders.

Bathing costumes occupy the attention of many of the fashionables. A novelty is made of bright red serge, with sleeves and waist trimmed with white. A white sash with embroidered and fringed ends is knotted about the waist.—New York Ledger.

STAGE GLINTS.

Jessie Haines will play the part of a tough girl in "On the Bowery."

George Monroe will shelve "My Aunt Bridget" next season and try fortune with a new piece on the same lines.

A copy of the third folio of Shakespeare was bought by Mr. Natalli at a sale in London recently for £435, or $2,175.

Thomas W. Keene will next season have a practically new company. His tour will be under the management of Edwin Arden.

Marlo and Dunham, the well known triple horizontal bar performers, are soon to separate. Dunham intends to join the Jordan family of acrobats.

James J. Corbett and the members of his company have organized a baseball club that is defeating nines all through the English provinces. Corbett is the shortstop.

Miss Linda da Costa has been engaged as prima donna of the company which C. B. Jefferson and Klaw & Erlanger are organizing to present Palmer Cox's "Brownies."

Mme. Emma Juch will emerge from her private life as Mrs. Wellman at the Worcester musical festival on Sept. 27 and 28. She will sing as leading prima donna at both the concerts in an oratorio.

Mme. Julie L. Wyman, the mezzo soprano, is to return to this country in the autumn. Mrs. Wyman has been singing in France and was heard there in "Samson et Delila," Saint-Saen's opera.

F. N. Innes, the bandmaster, has just completed "a descriptive spectacle," giving a musical history of the civil war, which he proposes to present during the tour he will begin with his band on Aug. 14.

One successful play very often makes the fortune of its author. William Haworth was a struggling actor until "The Ensign" was produced. He tried for two years to dispose of it, but nearly everybody thought the big man-of-war scenes could not be handled effectively on the stage.

TURF TOPICS.

The life of a nervous, high strung racer means abstinence, hard exercise and the cold grueling of steel and catgut.

The carriage horse is to the racer what the alderman is to the athlete. Both may be pure blooded, but the one is a Sybarite and the other a Spartan.

At Jerseyville, Ills., July 10 the yearling colt Jasper furnished a sensation by pacing a second heat, half mile, in 1:14½.

Almost every race horse has vices more or less troublesome which may effect the result of a race and which must be constantly guarded against.

Horse Haven, as the training grounds at Saratoga are called, has been laid out in four avenues, the names of which are Lamplighter, Bourke Cockran, Trouble and Okolona.

A banner with a denunciation of racing carried on to the course at Ascot by Salvationists was torn to rags and trampled under foot, and some of its supporters were badly treated.

Dolma-Bagtche, the colt that beat Matchbox for the grand prize of Paris, lost his dam when he was very young and had to be reared on jenny's milk, which is very nutritious and easily digested.

A French speculator took a bet of $30,000 to $60 that he could not name the winners of the French Oaks, French Derby, Grand Steeplechase and Grand Prix. He named the four and landed the money.—Horseman.

ODDS AND ENDS.

The Hindoos are passionately fond of horse racing, and a race will practically close all business.

The ancients entertained the idea that the dew was distilled upon the earth by the moon and stars.

In the sixteenth century no lady was considered in full dress unless she wore a small oval mirror on her breast.

In Sydney it is the fashion to keep the bodies of the dead till Sunday in order to insure a large attendance at the funeral.

In the year 1261 a tithe was laid upon all whales' tongues brought into Bayonne, they being at that time highly esteemed as food.

In Persia the women of fashion paint black circles around each eye and ornament the cheeks with figures of various small animals, bugs, etc.

At the funeral of an unmarried woman in Brazil scarlet is the mourning hue. The coffin, the hearse, the trappings of the horses and the livery of the driver must be scarlet.

NOVELTIES.

An almond dish patterned after an oyster shell and lined with gold and a spoon whose handle resembles a twig of coral are fashionable table utensils.

Miniature tusks of ivory bound with bands of gold and caught in the center by a slender gold chain form the latest design in link cuff buttons, and a pretty one it is.

The duchess silk girdle, mounted with a hand painted medallion of Psyche on a buckle of silver filigree work, has come forth as an aspirant for summer wear.

The old adage, "Raining pitchforks," has furnished an appropriate design for the decoration of an umbrella handle. In silver deposits are depicted falling pitchforks placed alternately with raindrops along the handle.

One of the daintiest of ladies' chatelaine watches is completely incrusted with white daisies in enamel. The stem is a daisy, and a large daisy covers the center of the dial on the background of blue. The numerals are in etched gold.

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THAT TIRED FEELING.

I'm tired of infant prodigies,
Now, tell me, are not you?
I'm tired of weather prophecies
That always miss their cue.
I'm tired of buying goods marked down,
Way down their cost below;
Of building lots outskirting town
That double value so.

I'm tired of ladies who remain
Unmated from sheer choice;
Of maids who sing, yet plead and feign
To have indeed no voice;
Of girls who never novels buy,
So classical are they;
Of youth just home from college high,
Who knows it all—his way.

I'm tired (oh, have you never been?)
Of folks reminding me
Their shoes are one size larger than
They really ought to be;
Of would be poets seeking fame
By harping "gentle spring."
Upon this list stands first the name
Attached to this crude fling.

I'm tired of seeing ballet twirls
By girls whose sons can vote;
Of seeing fluffy, golden curls
That peroxide denote;
Of clerks who know before I ask
The very thing I want;
Of would be friends who 'neath the mask
Of bluntness hurl the taunt.

I'm tired of fatal accident
By gun unloaded quite;
Of tonic, "surely heaven sent,"
That puts all ills to flight;
Of drivers and of motormen
Who never look my way;
Of him who borrows just a ten
And quite forgets to pay.

I'm tired of hearing old folks prate
O'er days perfection fraught;
Of never hearing, lose or take,
Of raffle tickets bought;
Of all these things and many more
I'm tired as tired can be,
And as all rhymsters are a bore
I know you're tired of me.

—New Orleans Picayune.

A TRICYCLE FOR TWO

A street organ was playing "A Bicycle Made For Two," and as we listened sadly and wondered how long England would be permitted to be the refuge of anarchists and organ grinders the colonel remarked to no one in particular: "A bicycle made for two may do well enough in this country, but if you Britishers had ever seen Professor Van Wagener's tricycle made for two you would never think of singing about any kind of bicycle.

"I think I was telling you the other day," continued the colonel, "about Professor Van Wagener, the great electrical sharp, who used to live next door to me in New Berlinopolisville. A mighty clever man he was in many other directions than that of electricity. He was always inventing something. I have known that man to get up at 4 o'clock on a winter's morning and invent straight along till noon. Show him a piece of machinery, I don't care what it might be, and he would instantly go to work to improve it.

"I had a reaping machine in my field, and one day the professor happened to see it. Nothing would satisfy him but to put an attachment to that machine so that it would gather the straw into bundles and tie them neatly around the middle with ropes which were to be twisted out of straw with a second attachment to the machine. He worked at that idea for several months until he got it to suit him. Then he built a brand new machine with his two attachments and took it into my field to exhibit it. He was so proud of it that he sent out written invitations to about all his acquaintances to come and see it, and he told me that this time he had made an invention that was going to make his fortune and give him a reputation that would lie over any other man's, except perhaps George Washington's.

"The machine was a big, clumsy looking affair and was run by a horse that had a sort of stall in about the middle of it, where he couldn't play any tricks and where the machine couldn't play any tricks on him. The professor had his wife with him and his wife's cousin, who was a very pretty girl, though I don't believe Van Wagener ever noticed that anything was pretty unless it was some sort of scientific apparatus. The horse was started up, and the machine began to reap and to tie up bundles of straw, just as the professor said it would do. His wife's cousin wanted to see just how the thing worked, so he took her alongside of the machine, and before they fairly knew what was the matter the machine had tied the professor and the girl into a bundle and tied them so tight that they could hardly breathe. Naturally the people who had been invited to see the machine work rushed up to help the professor and the young woman, and presently that machine had most of the leading citizens of New Berlinopolisville tied up in neat bundles and lying around on the ground calling for help, except such of them as had been wrapped round with straw and were too nearly suffocated to speak. The machine kept on its way, seeking for more citizens and more straw, until some man had sense enough to stop the horse and so put an end to the performance. There isn't any manner of doubt that it was a talented machine, but when the leading citizens had been set free they seemed very much prejudiced against it. Some of them were for killing the professor, and some of them were for killing the horse, but they finally compromised and arranged their differences by smashing the machine into scrap iron and informing the professor that if he ever calculated to build another one he had better dig his grave first and sit close to the edge of it. I can't say that I blame them very much, for when a man is violently tied up with some other man whom he doesn't particularly like or with some other man's wife, knowing all the time that the woman's husband is spry with his weapons and unwilling as a general rule to argue a matter until after he has got done shooting, it stands to reason that he won't feel particularly friendly to the machine that has done the tying. I never heard any more about that machine from the professor, and it's my belief that when his wife got him home she let him know that he couldn't be tied up in the same bundle with a good looking cousin without inviting the just indignation of a virtuous and devoted wife.

"Another time the professor was taking a drive with me in my buggy, and it struck him as a bright idea that the bit and reins ought to be superseded by electricity. So he goes to work and invents a new way of driving a horse by pressing buttons instead of pulling on the reins. He had wires running from the seat of his wagon to different parts of the horse. You pressed one button, and the horse got a shock on the right side of his face that made him turn to the left. You pressed another button, and a shock on the left cheek turned him to the right. A wire connecting with his tail was used to stir him up instead of a whip, and a strong current sent into his fore legs was expected to make him stop dead still whenever it was turned on. All these currents came from a battery under the seat of the wagon, and the buttons that turned them on were let into the seat on either side of the driver.

"Van Wagener took his wife out to drive in this new style of wagon as soon as he got it perfected, and to all appearances it worked very well. He stopped in front of Dr. Smith's drug store, which was our leading drug store at the time, though afterward the proprietor was crusaded by the Women's Christian Temperance union, who smashed all his whisky bottles and knocked out the heads of his whisky barrels and left nothing in his establishment except a few medicine bottles and a little perfumery. Well, as I was saying, the professor stopped in front of the drug store, and Mrs. Van Wagener climbed down and bought some mustard plasters or something of the sort and then climbed into the wagon again. She was a middling heavy woman, which was a little strange, considering how strict she was in matters of morality and religion, for your strict woman is nearly always more or less bony, and she sat down on the seat with considerable force and directly on the top of about half the electric buttons, she having forgot all about them. The horse couldn't quite understand the signals, but when he felt a current setting up his spine, and another in his left cheek, and another in his right cheek, he saw that as a matter of self respect he ought to kick that wagon to flinders, and accordingly he started in to do it. The professor yelled to him to whoa, and he turned on all his electricity at once, hoping to shock the horse into some sort of paralysis, but it didn't work. The horse just kicked the whole front of the wagon into smithereens, and when he struck the battery and spilt the acids over his legs he remembered that he had an engagement in the next county, and he started to keep it at a pace of about 30 miles an hour. It didn't much matter to the professor and his wife, who had been scattered all over the neighborhood when the horse's heels first struck the seat, but when they came to and Smith had plastered them up with brown paper and arnica Van Wagener remarked that in his opinion horses were played out, and that in this age electricity ought to be made to take the place of such a grossly unscientific animal."

The colonel paused and pulled his hat down over his eyes, as was his custom when he had finished speaking and desired to smoke in silence. He was reminded by Thompson that, however interesting his recollections of Professor Van Wagener might be, they had not yet included the promised account of the tricycle made for two.

"Beg your pardon, gentlemen," said the colonel. "I clean forgot about that. The truth is, when I get to remembering about the professor's inventions, there are so many of them that I generally forget the particular one I started out to tell about. It's the same way with this hyer village of London. I've started out half a dozen times to go to see the Tower, and I strike so many things that interest me that I have never yet got there. Take your cigar shops, for instance. Why, they are 50 years behind the age, and when I go into one I get talking with the proprietor and trying to show him the error of his ways, till first I know it's too late to go anywhere.

"But about this hyer tricycle. When bicycles and tricycles came to New Berlinopolisville, the professor was mightily interested in them. Not that he admired them, but, because, as he said, they were unscientific. He demonstrated with not more than half a slateful of figures that it took more exertion to drive a bicycle a mile than it would take to run that mile with a man's own legs. There was no getting around his figures. They proved that a man weighing 140 pounds and driving an ordinary bicycle at the rate of 10 miles an hour consumed, say, 500 foot pounds of energy—if anybody knows what that means, and I don't much believe anybody does. Well, the same man could run a mile with the consumption of only 400 pounds, leaving a surplus of 100 pounds for the benefit of the poor. 'If these young fellows that I see on bicycles had any sense,' said Van Wagener, 'they would drive their machines by electricity and avoid the awful consumption of energy.' No sooner had this idea struck him than he proceeded to invent an electric engine for bicycles, and in the course of the summer he had his invention worked out to his own satisfaction.

"The engine and storage battery took up a good deal of space, and so the wise professor, instead of applying it to a bicycle, had built a big tricycle, with seats for two, and fitted his engine to that. He calculated that it would drive the machine for 12 hours at a speed of 15 miles on a level, and that it would carry two persons weighing in the aggregate 500 pounds with perfect ease. When the machine was all finished, the professor wheeled it out of the yard and down to a turn in the road where Mrs. Wagener couldn't see him and made ready for a start. You see, his wife was prejudiced against his inventions and always said that he should never try experiments with new inventions so long as she could prevent it. Just as the professor was climbing aboard the tricycle, Widow Dumfries comes along, and being young and full of spirits, besides being a mighty sociable sort of woman, she told Van Wagener that it looked mighty selfish for him to start out alone, and that if he wanted to be real accommodating he would give her a little ride on his machine. The professor never could say no, except to another scientific person, and so he told Mrs. Dumfries to get into the front seat and he would take her down to her house, which was about a quarter of a mile down the road.

"The machine went along all right and the professor worked his way cautiously along the main street with his brake on most of the time, but as soon as he got in the outskirts of the town he turned on the full current and let her whiz. The widow was delighted and said that she had never enjoyed anything half so much in all her life. Pretty soon the machine came to a middling steep descent in the road, and the professor started to shut off the current and put on his brake. But there was something wrong about his levers. He couldn't shut off the current to save his life, and when he put the brake hard on, hoping that it would stop the thing, the brake broke.

"They tell me that the tricycle went down that hill at about 60 miles an hour—that is, after it got well under headway, you understand. Nothing that Van Wagener could do had any effect in slowing it down. The engine was working for all it was worth, and she meant to keep on working according to contract. When the tricycle struck the level ground, she slowed down to about 18 miles an hour, for the professor had given her more power than he had intended to give her. There weren't any hills or any ascents worth mentioning for the machine to climb, for Berlinopolisville is about 600 feet above the lake, and the road that the professor had taken keeps descending all the way.

"When the professor found that he couldn't stop the tricycle, he was a pretty badly frightened man. He couldn't possibly throw himself off without mixing himself all up with the wheels and breaking most of his bones. Besides, he couldn't desert the widow in any such way as that. You may ask why he didn't turn the machine round and steer for home. The reason was that he couldn't possibly turn it at the speed it was running without capsizing the whole concern. The only thing he could possibly do was to keep in the middle of the road and let the machine run till the power was exhausted, which if he had made no mistake in his calculation wouldn't be less than 12 hours.

"Mrs. Dumfries enjoyed the thing at first, but after a little while she suspected that something was wrong. The professor told her that he was sorry to say that he couldn't stop the tricycle, but if she sat tight and they had middling good luck he calculated that they wouldn't come to any great harm. The widow wasn't easily frightened. She reflected that she had on her best pair of shoes and stockings and declared that if there was to be an accident she would have to make the best of it. The longer the ride lasted the less chance there seemed to be of running into anything, for the teams that the professor and Mrs. Dumfries did meet mostly went into the ditch on one side of the road or the other before the tricycle had a chance to run into them. The professor, being a kind hearted man and disliking profane language, was considerably troubled when he saw a horse and buggy, or maybe a pair of horses and loaded wagon pile up in the ditch and heard the remarks that the driver made—that is, in those cases where he was in a condition to make remarks, but he couldn't stop to explain or apologize.

"It was about 9 o'clock in the morning when the tricycle started, and about 2 o'clock Mrs. Dumfries was about as tired and as hungry as they make 'em. She called to the professor and asked him to tell her the truth about the time it would take the machine to run down. He told her that, if he hadn't made any miscalculation, she would run till about 9 o'clock that night, but that it was a bright moonlight night, and he thought everything would go well unless there should happen to be a turnpike gate on the road, and it should happen to be closed. At that the widow broke down, and leaning back with her head on the professor's waistcoat fainted away. All he could do was to hold her tight with one arm, so that she couldn't slip off the machine, and to steer with the other hand. Just then he began to meet friends and acquaintances. He afterward told me that it seemed as if there was a procession of them coming up the road, and before they went off into the ditch they all recognized the professor, and he heard several of them say: 'Why, that there ain't Mrs. Van Wagener! Well, I never would have thought it!' or similar remarks, showing a want of confidence in the professor's motives. He tried to call out to two or three people whom he knew very well that the machine had run away with him, but they mostly misunderstood him, and said when they got back to town that Van Wagener had up and told them in so many words that he was running away with the widow.

"Night came along, and the moon came up, but the road was lined with trees, and it was fair to middling dark. Mrs. Dumfries had come to long before this, but she had lost her temper and told the professor he was a brute, and that her brother would settle wtth him for his outrageous conduct. Once a man hailed the tricycle and ordered it to stop, and finding that it would not stop fired three revolver shots after it without, however, doing any harm. Once the machine ran into an old woman, who was crossing the road and was either deaf or blind, but there wasn't very much of her, and the tricycle went over her like a horse taking a low fence. If it hadn't been for the excitement of the ride and the thought of what the consequences would probably be when Mrs. Van Wagener should come to know about it, the professor would probably have dropped exhausted, for he wasn't a very strong man. However, he held out well, and about 9 o'clock, just as the machine was approaching a tavern that stood alongside of the road, the current gave out, and the tricycle stopped.

"There wasn't any other house nearer than four miles, and there was the professor and Mrs. Dumfries nearly 200 miles from New Berlinopolisville, and about as tired, and about as hungry and about as mad as any two people ever were. Of course they had to stop at the tavern till morning, and it took them two more days to get home, partly by stage and partly by rail. When they did get home, the professor found that Mrs. Van Wagener had gone to her mother's, leaving word with a neighbor that she should begin proceedings for a divorce at once, and that the widow's brother had started out with his winchester rifle, remarking to the professor's friends that they could make arrangements for the funeral at once, and that he would send the body on to them at their expense if they so desired.

"The end of it all was that I went to see the widow, and then I hunted up Mrs. Van Wagener and finally explained things so that the professor's wife came back again, and the widow's brother allowed that he was satisfied that it was a case which didn't require any shooting. But after that you could never get the professor to listen to the word tricycle, which was a pity, for in my opinion there was a fortune in that invention of his if it had been properly put on the market. But that's the way with these scientific men. When they make a good invention, they don't know it, and when they invent something that is of no earthly use they spend their bottom dollar trying to get people to take an interest in it."—W. L. Alden in Short Stories.

To Refresh the Tired Body.

After a fatiguing tramp the tired body should be prepared for restful sleep by a careful toilet. If there is no convenience for a plunge bath, the body should be sponged off with warm water containing a few drops of ammonia—if the feet can be left in a foot bath for 10 or 15 minutes, it will be all the better—rub very thoroughly with a Turkish towel, and last of all refresh the face, neck and arms by spraying with rose water, toilet vinegar or any favorite toilet water. Brush the dust off the hair and wipe it with a towel, gargle the throat with salt and water and clean the teeth, and last of all, just before lying down, take a drink of hot water or lemonade. Sweet, restful sleep should follow this regimen and prepare you to awaken on the new day fit, mentally and physically, for any duty or pleasure that awaits you.—Demorest's Magazine.

The Unusual.

Edith—My dressmaker, Mme. Mantalini, must be losing all her trade.

Helen—Why?

Edith—She sent my new dress home the day it was promised.—Philadelphia Press.

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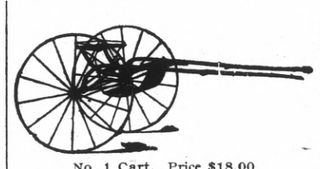
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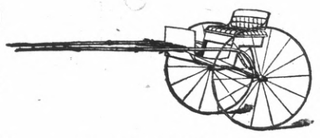
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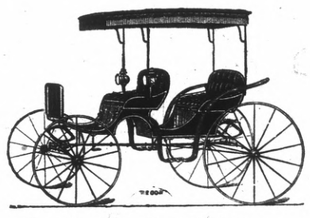
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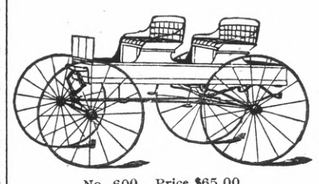
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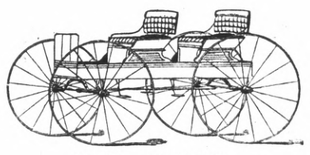
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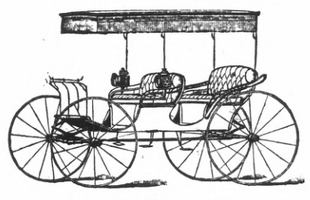
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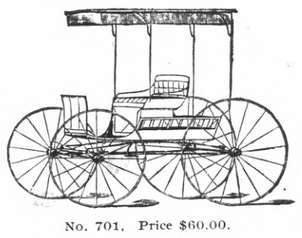
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Leave San Francisco.		In Effect April 15, '94.	Arrive San Francisco.	
Week Days.	Sun-Days.	DESTINATION.	Sun-Days.	Week Days.
7.40 am	8 00 am	Novato	10.40 am	8.50 am
3.30 pm	9 30 am	Petaluma	6.05 pm	10.30 am
5.10 pm	5.00 pm	Santa Rosa	7.30 pm	6.15 pm
7.40 am	8.00 am	Fulton Windsor Healdsburg Geyserville Cloverdale	7.30 pm	10.30 am
3.30 pm		Pieta Hopland Ukiah		6 15 pm
7.40 am	8.00 am	Guerneville	7.30 pm	10.30 am
3.30 pm				6.15 m
7.40 am	8.00 am	Sonoma	10.40 am	8.50 am
5.10 pm	5 00 pm	Glen Ellen	6.05 pm	6.15 pm
7.40 am	8.00 am	Sebastopol	10.40 am	10.30 am
3.30 pm	5.00 pm		6.05 pm	6.15 pm

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TRAINS LEAVE AND ARE DUE TO ARRIVE AT SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE— From May 5, 1894. —ARRIVE

7:00A	Atlantic Express for Ogden and East	6:45A
7:00A	Benicia, Vacaville, §Rumsey, Sacram'to and Redding, via Davis	7:15P
7:30A	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga and *Santa Rosa	6:15P
8:30A	Niles, San Jose, Los Banos, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff and *Oroville	4:15P
9:00A	New Orleans Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	5:45P
9:00A	Martinez and Stockton	10:45A
*9:00A	Peters and Milton	*7:15P
12:30P	Niles, San Jose and Livermore	8:45A
*1:00P	Sacramento River Steamers	*9:00P
4:00P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9:15A
4:00P	Benicia, Vacaville, Esparto, §§Rumsey, Woodland, Knight's Landing, Marysville, Oroville and Sacramento	10:45A
4:30P	Niles, San Jose, Livermore, Stockton, Modesto, Merced, Fresno	7:15P
4:30P	Raymond (for Yosemite)	10:45A
5:00P	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	10:45A
5:00P	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	10:45A
6:00P	European Mail, Ogden and East	9:45A
6:00P	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7:45A
‡7:00P	Vallejo	‡ 45P
7:00P	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	10:45A

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge.)

‡7:45A	Sunday Excursion for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton and Santa Cruz	‡8:05P
8:15A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Way Stations	6:20P
*2:45P	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations	*11:50A
4:45P	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos	9:50A

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.).

*6:45A	San Jose, New Almaden and Way Stations	*1:45P
‡7:00A	San Jose, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove and Principal Way Stations	‡8:33
8:15A	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo and Principal Way Stations	6:26P
‡9:38P	Palo Alto and Way Stations	‡1:45P
10:10A	San Jose and Way Stations	5:06P
12:01P	Palo Alto and Way Stations	3:30P
*2:20P	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey and Pacific Grove	*10:40A
*3:30P	San Jose and Principal Way Stat's	9:47A
*4:25P	Palo Alto and Way Stations	*8:06A
5:10P	San Jose and Way Stations	*8:48A
6:30P	Palo Alto and Way Stations	6:35A
†11:45P	Palo Alto & Principal Way Stat's.	†7:26P

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From San Francisco—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—
*7:00 *8:00 9:00 *10:00 11:00 A.M.
*12:30 ‡1:00 *2:00 3:00 } P.M.
4:00 5:00 *6:00
From Oakland—Foot of Broadway—
*6:00 *7:00 8:00 *9:00 10:00 *11:00 A.M.
‡12:00 M *12:30 2:00 *3:00 4:00 *5:00 P.M.

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